

The TATLER

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London
May 10, 1939



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POSTAGE: Inland 2d.; Canada and
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Photo: Hyman Fink

MR. AND MRS. TYRONE POWER (ANNABELLA)

The cutting of the Suez Canal film brought these two famous lights of the movie world together, for they were both in that big picture, which figured de Lesseps's great conception. In *Suez*, Annabella played Toni, the little gamin who fell in love with de Lesseps (Tyrone Power) and eventually gave her life to save him in that terrific sandstorm scene which occurred in the film version of things. "Annabella's" unprofessional name has been given in the marriage register as Suzanne Georgette Charpentier.

Her newest film is *Maiden Voyage*, in which her opposite number is Robert Young

And the World Said—



MRS. OWEN NARES, LADY BOULTON AND MR. OWEN NARES

A conversational supper-time snapshot at a recent London ball. Mr. Owen Nares came straight from playing Robert in St. John Ervine's non-stop success at the Savoy, and was in superb heart. American-born Lady Boulton is the wife of Sir Harold Boulton, second baronet

"Why!" said the Philosopher, astonished, "do women like bachelors better than married men?"

"Of course they do," she replied heartily

The Crock of Gold



LINED UP AT KELSO

Lady Bridget Douglas-Home, elder daughter of Lord and Lady Home, between the Hon. Mrs. Montgomerie (left) and Miss Scott, at the United Border Hunt 'Chases, which attracted the usual big crowd of Border well-knowns. Mrs. Montgomerie, who had some ten miles to come from Gattonside House, Melrose, is Lord Eglinton's sister-in-law

AS American opinion is largely created by women, we can assume that our new Ambassador will succeed by virtue of his single state as much as by his brilliant mental equipment, warmed with that Border blood which makes a man wary yet quick off the mark. The Kerrs, with one or two r's, have all got vitality, and with their fighting spirit a reverence for the things of the mind. The combination of action and culture in the dignified person of Lord Lothian will assuredly please the Americans who, thanks to Hitler, are ready to be pleased with us all, beginning enthusiastically with Their Majesties on whose tour we ask God's blessing.

By insulting the President, Hitler has succeeded in making the States and the Empire see eye to eye more clearly than ever before, plus ranging the sworn enemies of the New Deal behind Mr. Roosevelt's foreign policy, with hardly a dissenting voice. These achievements are more remarkable than the taking of Austria and Czecho-Slovakia; in fact as *gaffes* they rank with the ex-Kaiser's. German propaganda for the English-speaking Union is readier than Hollywood's plans for patriotic epics. Why undertake expensive productions when the Führer's one-man talkies achieve certain results?

There were two new productions of *Comrad* Jacques Deval's plays last week; one was in



SHROPSHIRE WEDDING COUPLE

Captain A. G. W. Heber-Percy, Grenadier Guards, and his bride, formerly Miss Daphne Wilma Parker Bowles, only daughter of Mr. Eustace Parker-Bowles, of Far Croft, Market Drayton, and the late Mrs. Parker Bowles, who were married at St. Mary's, Market Drayton. Captain Heber-Percy is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Heber-Percy, at whose Shropshire home, Hodnet Hall, the reception was held

Fayer

Manchester with Luise Rainer to lead and Henry Sherek at the till and tiller; another in San Francisco with sets by Liverpool-born Rex Evans, and Irene Rich in the big part. A silent star, she has lasted, like Lewis Stone, but her large income comes from a weekly sketch on a nation-wide hook-up. I met Miss Rich on Christmas Eve in Palm Springs, in the strange, painted desert behind Hollywood, sunning herself with her daughter, who has made a big name as a sculptress. They are genuinely in awe of each other's talents without creating that tedious vacuum—a mutual admiration society. I remember they had been held up for speeding, but the gallant cop insisted on taking them to lunch at a drive-in, where they were seen by Hollywood acquaintances, who misinterpreted the innocent meal as a *rendez-vous*.

The oddest misinterpretation happened in Paris the other day when a Chinese member of *Le Matin* staff, pursuing his nightly

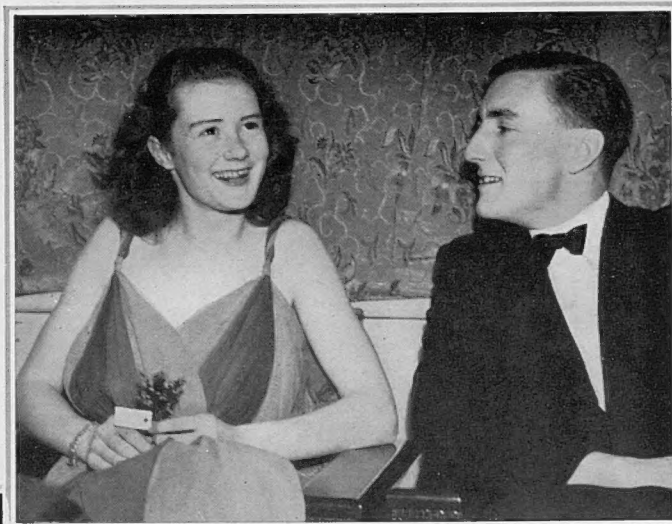
task of sifting the American news, lighted on the report that the duchesse de Talleyrand (Anna Gould, who married "Boni" de Castellane) had "returned to the land of her ancestors," meaning that after thirty-five years in France the duchess intends spending her old age in America. In Chinese, this phrase is a discreet way of naming death, so her demise was duly announced, and subsequently contradicted, but not before one of her nephews had spent two thousand francs on flowers. He was the object of sympathy in the Ritz Bar.

Lord Castlerosse writes that when he was dangerously ill the thought of his obituary being written by somebody else upset him. Now that the witty viscount has made public his escape to Paris to convalesce, I can disclose what delight it gave admirers to see him lunching *chez Larue*, almost as large as life, and still telling a Scotch story the point of which I shall never see.

Like Larue's, the Café de Paris is still French in the essentials of red velvet and good cooking, with a palpably French band which annoys English and Americans because they make the mistake of listening. I am fortunate in only being conscious of bagpipes as an accompaniment to conversation—a case of *force majeure*. The last time I dined at this Café de Paris, as opposed to the one in Coventry Street, the Staviskys shared our *banquette*. Now financiers at large take the Simone Simons and the Danielle Darrieux' to Bagatelle; its reopening was *quelque-chose*. The most alluring girls in Paris were on view, film actresses and mannequins, wearing huge skirts and diminutive tops; the crinoline 1939. Faille, painted taffeta and heavy satin have come back. Several wore the gipsy three-piece—lingerie blouse, coloured *Kummerbund*, black skirt.

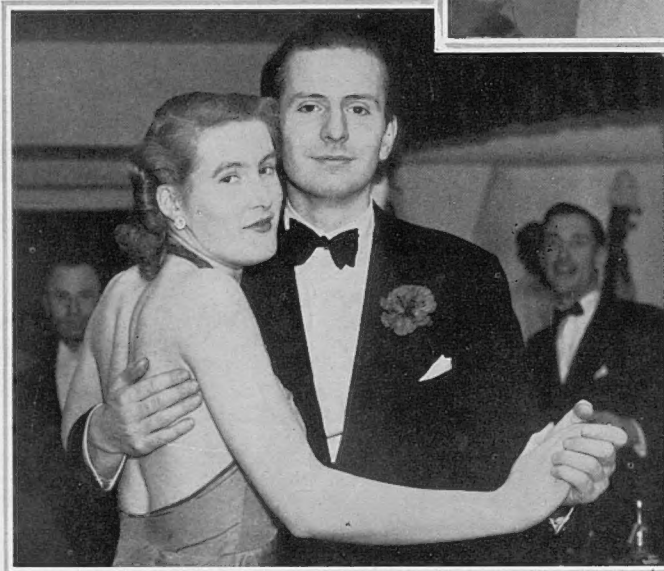
Baron Roland de l'Espée's partner was the pick of the nosegay, but the choices of Erskine Gwynne and Michael Farmer ran close. I had more fun watching two workmen looking down on the proceedings from the sliding roof than counting celebrities—Gaby Morlay; Spinelly with Pierre Benoist, author of "Antinea"; Jane Marnac with Major Keith Trevor, who does not miss much; the five-foot-nothing sculptress, Helen Haas; Lady Scarsdale; "Foxy" Gwynne; Jacques de la Béraudière; Count Haugwitz-Reventlow talking to Arletty, the unique *comédienne*; Brugnon; Borotra; Merlin; and, to keep up the county average, the "Weary" Liddells from Warwickshire.

Last weekend more people flew to Paris, including débutantes, for Comtesse André de Limur's ball, which clashed with the duchesse de Gramont's. The latter was very *gratin*; the former proved a good blend of debts, and young married sirens, diplomats and important Americans; for the hostess, whose *hôtel* is one of the finest in Paris, was Miss Crocker, of San Francisco. She had Willie Lewis's coloured band from Montmartre—hitherto unheard at a Paris coming-out. A London ball which promises to be more distinctive than others is dated for June 26 for the Milles-Lade sisters and their cousin, Sybil Jennings.



LOOKING ON THE BRIGHT SIDE

Miss Patience Brand and Mr. David Coke were very obviously not down-hearted when in a party not long since at Le Moustique, one of London's newly established night clubs. Miss Brand, daughter of Lady Rosabelle Brand, and half-sister of the former Lady Warwick, came out this season



ON WITH THE DANCE IN MAYFAIR

Lady Barbara Abney-Hastings, eldest of the five daughters of Lady Loudoun and Captain Reginald Abney-Hastings, dancing with Count de Caraman at Le Moustique which joined the ranks of the niteries shortly before Easter. Lady Barbara's mother became Countess of Loudoun in her own right in 1920, and the following year the abeyances in the Baronies of Botreaux, Stanley and Hastings were determined in her favour



LADY MARY LYGON

Peter North

Lord Beauchamp's sister, whose marriage to Prince Vsevolod of Russia, is to take place at St. Philip's Church, Buckingham Palace Road on June 1

Many of the mothers of the year are giving dinners for it, including Lady Glendyne, Lady Westmeath (an amusing Irishwoman), Lady Dunsford (who gave last week's biggest crush), Lady Everard (whose husband sits for Melton), Lady Royds (whose husband sits for Kingston), Mrs. Arthur Heneage (whose husband has sat for Louth for ages) and Mrs. Robert Ducas, who, though her own daughter is not yet one, is taking out Lady Clare Smyth-Pigott's débutante Anne, a pleasing country girl. Another attractive one who was presented, but spends more time at house parties and has just been staying with the Lanesboroughs, is Patsy Cliffe, Mabel Selby-Lowndes's girl. And yet another Patricia débütante is Miss Rank, the youngest dinner hostess at the above ball-to-be.

So many bachelors became bridegrooms the same Saturday that "one can't be everywhere at once" was overworked. The greatest crowds approved the Egerton-Percy alliance. Meanwhile, Lord and Lady Dudley Gordon's eldest, David, had his clever brother "Archie" (who helps run the Preservation of Rural England) as best man at Harrow-on-the-Hill. Lord and Lady Leitrim ate their wedding breakfast at the house of her great friend, Mrs. L. R. Dunne. The host, "Laurie" Dunne, the Marylebone magistrate, could not assist as he had to sit. His wife, in a pink corsage (which contrasted with the bride's powder blue) did the honours. Her house flowers—pink tulips and forget-me-nots—found admirers among the thirty guests, including Andrew Van Neck, who gave his sister away, and his handsome Swedish bride. (They spent the last day of their own honeymoon playing golf at St-Cloud, where "L'Abime" is a favourite hole.) Mrs. Eccles brought her attractive daughters, "Sue" and Ann, and the three young but grown-up Borretts drank their mother's health.



Bassano

RECEPTION GROUP AFTER THE WEDDING OF THE HON. NICHOLAS HYDE VILLIERS AND MISS MARY FORESTER

H.M. Queen Mary and Lady Patricia Ramsay were present at St. Margaret's last Thursday when the elder daughter of Major the Hon. Edric Forester and Lady Victoria Forester (Extra Woman of the Bedchamber to Queen Mary) was married to the younger son of Lord and Lady Clarendon by the Archbishop of Canterbury. Pale peach pink was the colour scheme both for the bride and her attendants, who consisted of three little boys—Lord Hyde, Robin Newman and Wolstan Churchward; three little girls—the Hon. Juliet Forester, the Hon. Rosemary Villiers and Miss Jill Newman; and six grown-ups—Miss Rosalind Forester, Lady Barbara Legge, the Hon. Elizabeth Somers-Cocks, Miss Rosemary Grosvenor, Miss Eleanor Keith and Miss Nadine Gore-Langton. The best man was Mr. Valerian Wellesley.

And the World said—Continued

The flowers were more vivid at ski-ing champion Peter Lunn's wedding to "Toinette" Preston, who made an exquisite little bride in cloth of silver; her piquant Irish features and natural colour never looked better. Lady Blane, who sketched the decorations in church, was with her daughter Helen, the ski-er, just back from Norway. The world's speed-skating champion, Laila Schou-Nilson, is staying with them; she is also a ski-ing ace and Norway's No. 2 at tennis, with her first Wimbledon ahead.

A dazzling wedding guest was Claudia Crichton-Stuart, the bride's first cousin and Scotland's most attractive unmarried. Mürren-ites who forgathered to admire "Arnie" Lunn in formal attire included Lady Raeburn; Mrs. Littlejohn Cooke (in a Kate Greenaway bonnet); the "Bob" Hanleys; Mrs. Duff-Taylor minus "Squire," who is in the War Office; Grindelwald's Marguerite Wedderburn-Wilson; the Angas girls; Lady Carlow in her red suit; pretty Angela Ely, who has Scotch-gold hair; ushers Jack Shirley; "Deggers," the cartoonist; "Patsy" Richardson, and David Wilson with his mother, Margery, Lady Nunburnholme who has taken Lady Clementine Waring's little house in Westminster, which commands a view of Mr. Leslie Hore-Belisha's porcelain goats pawing the imitation grass on his roof garden.

Mr. Wilson, who is among the most popular young racing men, went on to Hurst Park and pooled forecasts with Mr. Andrew Cavendish, Miss Arbelles Mackintosh and Miss Nefertari Bethell in the paddock, where I admired the fashionable appearance of Mrs. Arthur Pilkington, Mrs. Arthur Smith-Bingham and Mrs. Rhodes-Moorhouse (mother of William), in deplorable weather. Mr. "Archie" MacLagan represented the Scottish circuit, Miss Peggy Hamilton, the light stage, and the Maharaja of Rajpipla, the optimists. H.H. is still convinced there will be no war; I recall how optimistic he was at Biarritz when, with the Spanish booming at Irun, it was thought that class warfare might spread to France. How grateful the French are to Hitler for uniting their country, laying the Bolshie bogie overnight!

"Pip" was interested that "Tutti" de Forest, alias Count Alaric de Bendern, is going to run Chiberta; an excellent arrangement, as he is a good golfer and has played the course since childhood. Biarritz was disappointed that the unveiling of Queen Victoria's statue had to be postponed; M. Bonnet's presence being required in Paris, but the Marquesa di Portago unveiled her swimming pool instead. This private rival to

the famous Chambre d'Amour is over a mile from the ocean.

Like the old lady at the private view who said: "I'm afraid I don't like snow," when faced with Arthur Bateman's nice little picture "Snow in Wharfedale," I do not like to dwell on bathing in this weather, or even nudes. But the rosy daintiness of Russell Flint's "Diaphenia and Hazell," drew admirers, including Mrs. Cecil Madden (looking for "Television Rehearsal 664") who said "How charming!" Whereupon Mr. Flint thanked her, adding, "They're hand-painted." When Miss Violet Vanbrugh stopped in front of a portrait and exclaimed, "What an attractive woman!" her sister Irene supplied, "It's the Duchess of Kent," which the catalogue confirmed.

I recommend "Villefranche A.M." because of its blue; both Desmond Harmsworth's because of his modern French quality; Dame Laura Knight's luminous "Swans in the Park"; Meredith Frampton's "Trial and Error," because I heard nine morons say they could not live with it; all the Eves, particularly "Lady Brunner" and "Lord Hutchison of Montrose." He has captured "Hutch's" perpetual chuckle. Murray Urquhart's "Rye, Summer After," is as soothing as its title, and A. R. Thomson shows a high average.

The only striking picture in the Portrait Painters was the Jagger, and now "Symphony in White" is his sole academic answer to the glamour girl's prayer. A magnificently executed tribute to sex appeal, it has *la ligne* of a Doumergue, the shine of Brockhurst, and Jagger's own power. I noted the price is only a thousand. This picture will become a period piece; typical of the *soignée*, stagey 1939 beauty—blonde, bold and be-foxed—as Sargent's "Lady Agnew of Lochnawe," in the Scottish National Gallery, is typical of the distinguished, gently mocking beauties who read Meredith and had breeding.

Mr. Oswald Birley, who did such a good picture for Birmingham, of the Prime Minister, has not done Mrs. Chamberlain justice. Though her portrait in the Academy is distinguished and well painted, which given the artist and the subject was inevitable, it makes her older and much heavier than she is, besides giving her a lugubrious, brooding personality, the antithesis of her interested and understanding sweetness. Mrs. Chamberlain told me it was painted when she was very tired. She could only spare time to sit at the end of each week, and consequently there was no liveliness in her expression. She added "the artist cannot be expected to see what is not there." I do not altogether agree.

Pictures of the "England" Ball at Grosvenor House, organized by the Council for the Preservation of Rural England, are unavoidably held over till next week.



MISS ROSEMARY MAITLAND-MAKGILL-CRICHTON AND MR. CHARLES HARDING

THE WENDY SOCIETY BALL SOME WHO WERE THERE



MR. WOLFE BARRY, MISS ANNE HELY-HUTCHINSON AND PAL



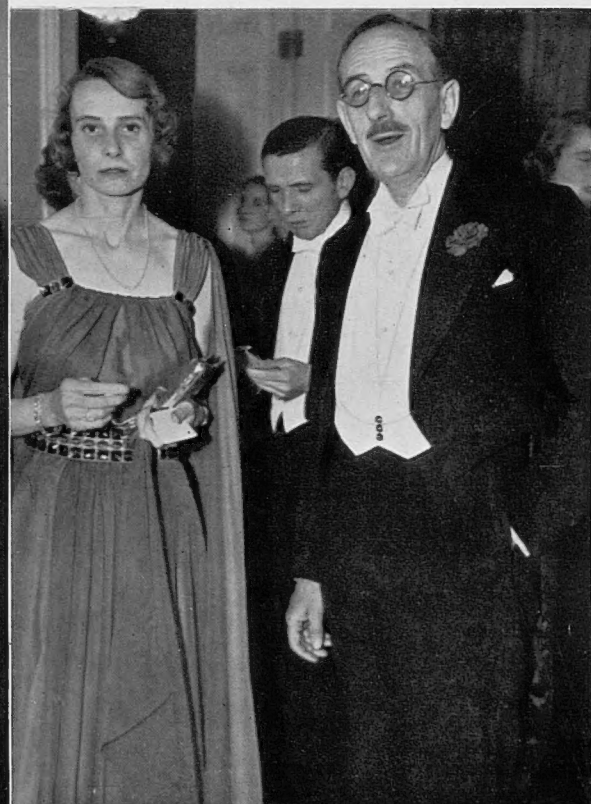
SIR WILLIAM AND LADY LEWTHWAITE



MISS SUSAN NORTH AND THE HON. JOHN FERMOR-HESKETH



MISS TALBOT BAINES AND MR. J. B. CURRIE



LORD AND LADY HOLLENDEN ARRIVED TOGETHER

The Wendy Society is that excellent institution whose one object is to raise the wind to send poor little slum children for the holiday and breath of fresh air they need so very badly, and this particular dance in aid, organized by some very competent units of London's younger brigade, was held at 53 Princes Gate by kind permission of Mrs. Francis Abel Smith and let us hope helped to fill the money bags. Lord Hollenden seen below with equally popular wife, is the society's treasurer. Incidentally he is a member of one of London's most exclusive places—The Noblemen and Gentlemen's Catch Club. Vienna used to boast of something of the same sort—the Radetsky Hussars' Club. Miss Hely-Hutchinson, who is a kinswoman of Lord Donoughmore, was chairman of the appeal and the attractive golden retriever pup she is holding was raffled during the evening for the benefit of the cause. Name of the lucky winner not signalled at the time of going to press. Another hard worker for the success was Miss Babette Talbot Baines who was on the committee. She is the eldest daughter of the late Captain Matthew Talbot Baines, formerly Squire of Westbrook Hall, Horsham. Another official of the occasion was Lady Lewthwaite who was deputy chairman of the ball and like all the rest who had a hand in it is to be congratulated on a winner.

THE CINEMA

By JAMES AGATE

"Wuthering Heights"

"OF all films else I had avoided thee!" as Macbeth might have said. In other words, I have always been afraid of the moment when I should have to review *Wuthering Heights*, feeling, like Mrs. Bardell, that this film must come and that therefore I must compose myself to go to it. (No man should vaunt his own, but I feel a measure of pride in encompassing within two sentences the parallel with Macbeth and Mrs. Bardell!) The point is that I have made five separate attempts in my lifetime to read Emily Brontë's masterpiece, and have never got beyond the fifth chapter for the reason that I can never make out who's who, and that I am unable to go on reading any book unless I know who's who. How then, asks the astute reader, do I know that "*Wuthering Heights*" is a masterpiece? Dipping, just dipping, dear astute reader!—is the answer.

Now let us be serious for a second. The most tremendous line that ever fell from the lips of a man in love is Othello's: "She's, like a liar, gone to burning hell." And I do not think that the whole of the English language can show anything to match this until we come to Heathcliff's: "May she wake in torment!" It may possibly revive the reader's recollection of the great book I have not read if I give the whole of the wonderful passage: "'May she wake in torment!' he cried, with frightful vehemence, stamping his foot, and groaning in a sudden paroxysm of ungovernable passion. 'Why, she's a liar to the end! Where is she? Not *there*—not in heaven—not perished—where? Oh! you said you cared nothing for my sufferings! And I pray one prayer—I repeat it till my tongue stiffens—Catherine Earnshaw, may you not rest as long as I am living! You said I killed you—haunt me, then! The murdered do haunt their murderers, I believe. I know that ghosts *have* wandered on earth. Be with me always—take any form—drive me mad! Only *do* not leave me in this abyss, where I cannot find you! Oh, God, it is unutterable! I *cannot* live without my life! I *cannot* live without my soul!'" Then consider how it goes on, and how masterly the narrative power: "He dashed his head against the knotted trunk; and, lifting up his eyes, howled, not like a man, but like a savage beast being goaded to death with knives and spears. I observed several splashes of blood about the bark of the tree, and his hand and forehead were both stained; probably the scene I witnessed was a repetition of others acted during the night. It hardly moved my compassion—it appalled me: still, I felt reluctant to quit him so. But the moment he recollected himself enough to notice me watching, he thundered a command for me to go, and I obeyed. He was beyond my skill to quiet or console!"

It says a great deal for the film version that one could have gone to the Gaumont Cinema with these two passages in mind and not have been disappointed with what one saw. I said to a "*Wuthering Heights*" expert: "I suppose you will tell me that the film does not come within a thousand miles of the book?" He replied: "On the contrary! It comes just within a thousand miles, and that's very high praise!" There are, of course, one or two obvious mistakes. (And this is the place to say that I have perhaps dipped in the novel more extensively than I think!) There is, for example, the absurd super-magnificence of the Linton establishment at Thrushcross Grange. "Now droops the milkwhite peacock like a ghost!" was presumably Mr. Goldwyn's instruction to his producer here. But this, dear Sam, happened in the lush lusciousness of Tennyson's England, and not in the bare bleakness of the Brontë country! Nor do I think that the Grange should have been built in the Italian Renaissance manner. Nor that it should have abounded in powdered flunkys. No reasonable person will object to the heather, in view of the fact that efforts to import the right stuff to Hollywood were defeated by the customs officials. Nor do I mind if it is true that only half the story has been given. What is given is obviously the right half. More serious complaint perhaps ought to be the ending of the film, which is puerile, silly and bathetic, giving us silhouettes of Heathcliff and Catherine walking hand in hand down the Yorkshire moors as though they were the tail-end of a Chaplin film, and with a choir of angels in full, non-dubious blast. Then again, is there perhaps too much music throughout? Are not the



Hyman Fink

SONJA HENIE CONTEMPLATING THE OTHER FORM OF SKATING?

The occasion was the opening of a new roller rink in Hollywood called the Rollerdrome, which was formerly one of the stages of the old Warner Bros. Sunset Studio sets. However, in the end Sonja decided not to perform. This famous Swedish star has just finished her latest production for Twentieth Century-Fox, *Second Fiddle*, in which she plays the part of a contented school teacher in a Swedish-American town. Tyrone Power, Edna May Oliver and Rudy Vallee are also in the cast

novel's words good enough in themselves? In the last matter, however, I think that Mr. Goldwyn's producer, Mr. William Wyler, can be defended. Emily Brontë's words are good enough only if their hearer has a sense of words; Hollywood having long ago stifled, overlaid, and killed that sense of words by the illiterate jargon of a thousand films cannot expect that sense to be reborn for a particular occasion. The question to ask, then, is whether the film essentially reproduces the spirit of Emily Brontë's novel. And I am inclined to think that it does. One shudders to imagine what a mess would have been made of it if the acting of Heathcliff and Catherine had fallen into the hands of Clark Gable and Norma Shearshearer! The pair chosen for the tremendous lovers have done all but magnificently. Not being Irving, Chaliapin, and Conrad Veidt all rolled into one, Mr. Laurence Olivier does not give a superhuman performance. But the performance he does give is extremely good and suggests what I take to be very important, that somewhere in Heathcliff's dark soul there is a spot of something which in another world or dimension might grow to compunction. Or shall I put it that in this film Mr. Olivier acts best when he acts least, and that he superbly portrays the dumb agony which the gipsy has in common with his animals? Miss Merle Oberon, not being a Rachel or even a Beatrix Lehmann, cannot give Catherine the full intensity the part demands. But she does pretty well, and, quite frankly, far better than I expected. After all, it is not Miss Oberon's fault that her get-up at the dance suggests that she has been to see Miss Anna Neagle as the young Queen Victoria. Besides these, the film contains one very remarkable bit of playing. This is Miss Geraldine Fitzgerald's complete portrait of the foolish Isabella Linton who throws herself at Heathcliff's feet. There is sound acting, too, in all of the small and bad parts. But what on earth persuaded Miss Flora Robson to go all the way to Hollywood to play a part quite so small and bad as that of Ellen Dean, the old nurse who, pretending to tell the story, does nothing but fade in and fade out?

THE CHINA SOCIETY'S

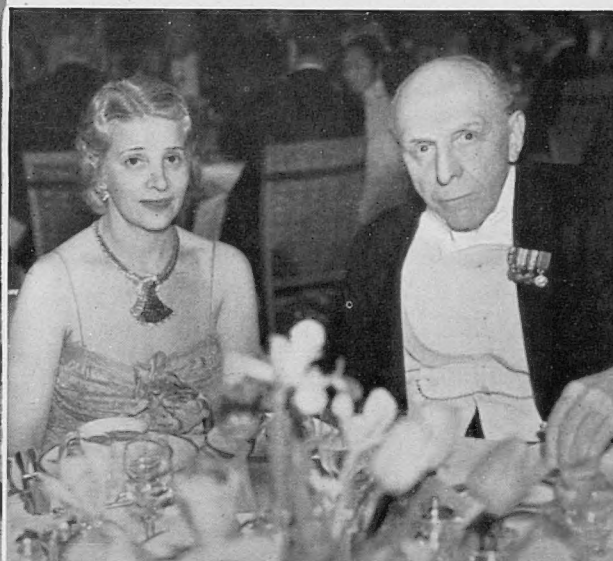
MEMORABLE DINNER



THE RT. HON. H. A. L. FISHER
WITH MRS. BEVERLEY BAXTER



H.E. THE CHINESE AMBASSADOR
AND MME. QUO-TAI-CHI



LADY CUNLIFFE-OWEN AND
LORD CECIL OF CHELWOOD



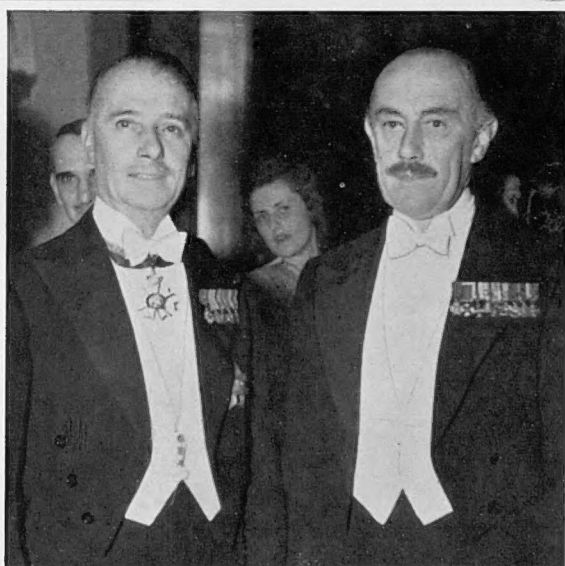
MR. H. G. WELLS AND THE
BARONESS BUDBERG



LORD AND LADY CHATFIELD



LORD SNELL AND H.E. THE SOVIET
AMBASSADOR (M. MAISKY)



MAJOR-GENERAL A. P. D. TELFER-SMOLLETT
AND CAPTAIN SIR JOHN BRENNAN

H.E. the Chinese Ambassador was very appropriately in the chair at this most important gathering at Claridge's last week. H.E. made an admirable speech which contained a graceful reference to Russia being the arch which unites Europe and Asia, but the real honour in oratory must go to the guest of the evening, Admiral of the Fleet, Lord Chatfield, our Minister for the Co-Ordination of Defence. After referring to the fact that it was a commonplace that a Chinaman's word was his bond, Lord Chatfield expressed a hope that soon, out of the present chaos, China would emerge a land flowing with "silk and money." The Admiral knows his subject, none better, and he was speaking to many others who also know, notably General Telfer-Smollett, C.B., till quite recently G.O.C. Shanghai District, and Sir John Brenan, who was Consul-General in that dangerous and much-strafed place from 1930 to 1937. Sir John is now in the Foreign Office and the General has gone to Guernsey where he is Lieutenant-Governor and G.O.C. troops Guernsey and Alderney District. Sir Denison Ross was another member of the audience who knows almost more about the East than Omar Khayyam himself, and is seated next to the charming young authoress of a recent best-seller, "Eastern Visas"



SIR DENISON ROSS AND
MISS AUDREY HARRIS

Racing Ragout

By "GUARDRAIL"

I SUPPOSE last week's racing at Hurst Park and Newmarket was both interesting and instructive, but it was perishing cold, and though well-backed horses won the majority of races most punters seem to have had a bad week. It may be an excuse, but it is not much of a palliative to hear that even a trainer who had a couple of winners at the meeting came out a loser. In this connexion, one of the nicest and kindest of trainers once tried after a particularly bad week to do me a turn. We had dined together, and with a Pommery tear streaming out of one eye and a Greno out of the other, he adjured me to back the one in the last race that he was running out of a fleet of horses at a meeting the next day. Caution and an odd feeling of depression caused me to bet very lightly, but it was a shock to read next day that the animal in question had finished so far behind that the trainer had been fined for galloping his horses on the track after racing without asking permission.

That horses are not machines is a trite remark that covers up many enormities on the part of all concerned, but in addition to this they are often extremely deceitful. Breakfast last Saturday morning was a very piano meal in the company of an owner who had been galloping two-year-olds. One which had deliberately gone through all the motions of being an Ascot horse in embryo had been galloped with a plater. I gathered that they had seen the plater finish, but that owing to moderate visibility they had not seen the Ascot horse and an appointment at Hurst Park had prevented them waiting for him to come in.

The way in which newcomers beat the form two-year-olds shows that the early form has not been good. Illuminate is a nice horse that should go on, while Lord Glanely's Rose of England colt was thought to have been unlucky and run green. Norge, probably by misbehaviour at the post, got off best, but he made light on a tight rein of previous good form.

May we congratulate Lord Rosebery on the naming of Shadrach by Miracle—Fireplace. Also ran, Meshech and Abednego. Rockfel's race

wasn't such a walkover as the prohibitive odds suggested it would be. Every one is entitled to his own opinion but in mine she didn't appear to have any more to pull out and didn't respond when asked with any burst of speed. It may be argued that she needed the race but how much more so did the second who, if he can compete with the turns, should have won the Jubilee by the time this appears.

There can be no question as to who has the best lot of older horses this season. Signal Light, River Prince, Panorama, Foxboro', Unbreakable, etc., there hardly seem enough good races for them all. Scottish Union has never been a great friend of mine, but if last year's Leger form is any good, what a horse River Prince must be, and this year he seems to stay. It could be seen that Unbreakable was the unluckiest possible loser of the City and Suburban, and he won the Victoria Cup at Hurst Park in vindication of it. This sort of horse has the class to defeat the handicapper and the size to carry whatever weight he puts on him in reason. Talking of



AT PHOENIX PARK SPRING MEETING

Mr. Peter Burrell, Director of the National Stud, and a son of Sir Merrik Burrell, entering the stands on Phoenix Park with Lady Patricia French, only daughter of Lord Ypres and the late Lady Ypres and a granddaughter of the famous commander-in-chief of the 1914 Expeditionary Force



Photos: Poole, Dublin

ALSO AT PHOENIX PARK

Mrs. John Roberts, who is a niece of Sir Francis Brooke, with Mrs. Anstruther, watching Sir Alexander Maguire's Queen's Hall winning the Laidlaw Plate (for two-year-olds). The same lucky colours were on Workman when he won this year's Grand National

handicappers, at a meeting a short time ago a group were discussing a lady, with, as Pitcher says, "all that freedom from restraint and lack of charity which alone distinguishes a gathering of human beings from a box of monkeys at Jamracks."

"She's got a ton of money," said the first.

"But what a face," said the second.

"Did you ever see such a figure," said the third.

"After due consideration," said the fourth, "and not excepting Arthur Fawcett or Geoffrey Freer, I think the Almighty is the best handicapper!"

Saturday at Hurst Park was colder and more beastly than Newmarket, but enabled a lot of people to get "out." The two-year-old selling was won by Salmon Bar, trained by George Duller and owned by Mr. Jack Barclay, whom one had associated more with motor cars. I understand it was his first venture in ownership and this purchase bought at Kempton and lost after its race at Hurst proved satisfactory but short lived.

Mr. Jock Whitney paid a flying visit here from America and having arrived too late to see Time Step canter home at Epsom, had the satisfaction of seeing him canter home at Hurst Park just as easily. Possibly due to the going on American tracks, this horse appeared to be

no good in America, but over here he will win good races and will undoubtedly make a smashing hurdler when the time comes.

While no one would be more pleased to see Lord Rosebery win the Derby than myself, his horse Blue Peter would seem to have the slenderest credentials and certainly no short-priced favourite's chance. After all, on the book over a mile he is only 2 lbs. at the outside in front of his own stable companion, Admiral's Walk, and there is only just over two lengths between the first four, and the fourth is Diadoque, whom one hadn't looked on as a Derby horse. His breeding, by Fairway out of a sprinting bred dam, is not encouraging and his time was worse than the time for the Thousand Guineas. He may win, but the price is insurance company rates.

TARPORLEY AND



IN A HURRY TO RACE AT CARDIFF:
MISS C. OWEN AND MISS JUDITH ROBINSON



AT TARPORLEY HUNT CLUB 'CHASES:
MISS CREWDSON AND MRS. D. MIDWOOD

CARDIFF 'CHASES



MORE AT CARDIFF: MISS SELKIRK-WELLS
AND CAPTAIN SIR PETER GRANT-LAWSON



MRS. NAYLOR WITH MRS. NOEL BROOKS, WHO
HAD A LARGE TARPORLEY RACE PARTY



MR. JAMES TINSLEY, STARTER
AT TARPORLEY FOR FIFTY YEARS



MRS. JOHN WILLIAMS-WYNN AND SIR
SEYMOUR BOOTHY WERE AT CARDIFF

Photos: Truman Howell

The Tarporley Hunt Club 'Chases and Cardiff's Spring Meeting were coincident April fixtures. The very old-established Cheshire event as usual had Mr. James Tinsley as starter. This famous former Master of the Cheshire, who bred historic Dexter, has given starter's orders at Tarporley for over fifty years and looks fit enough to complete his century. Mrs. Midwood belongs to the family of another very well-known former Master, Mr. W. H. Midwood. Mrs. Noel Brooks, party-bringer, is a daughter of Brig-General Sir Edward Le Marchant. At Cardiff 'Chases Miss Judith Robinson, whose brother, Mr J. P. Robinson, is a member of Captain Lord Louis Mountbatten's Adsdean polo team, was walking around with General and Mrs. Charles Owen's daughter. Captain Sir Peter Grant-Lawson, the Blues, and noted G.R., is Adjutant North Somerset Yeomanry. Mrs. John Williams-Wynn, photographed at Cardiff with the Squire of Fonmon Castle, is the wife of Captain F. J. Williams-Wynn, R.A.



MR. CECIL BEATON IN TANGIER

London's society photographer No. 1 is at present taking a vacation in Tangier, a spot which has been very much in the news lately. Mr. Beaton's most recent publication, "New York," which perhaps is about the best book of its kind that has ever been written about that great city, has had all the success it deserved. The photograph above was taken outside El Dorekan, Miss Green's shop in Tangier

the Right and of the Left; had not Britain been so childishly supine and gullible, or so unintelligently trustful, so full of wish-thinking, the present appalling European situation might never have arisen, and, incidentally, Martha Dodd's "My Years in Germany" (Gollancz; 10s. 6d.) and Mr. Leon G. Turrou's book, "The Nazi Spy Conspiracy in America" (Harrap; 8s. 6d.), need never have been written. As it is, here are two disturbing books showing all too clearly what the muddling democracies are up against, quite apart from the manoeuvres of the governing body of the Third Reich.

Miss Dodd is the daughter of William E. Dodd, who was American Ambassador in Berlin from 1933 to the end of 1937. Not being, herself, in an official position, yet at the same time being in the midst of one, she was able to observe at close hand the men, and their mentality, who are now helping, in gangster fashion, to change the face of Europe. Strangely enough, however, she only met Hitler once. She found him, in the beginning, "apologetic, nervous and shy." But not for long. Presently, ambition, flattery, power and riches went to his head. In the end, she calls him "a malevolent child" and "a man in dire necessity of psychiatric treatment." Perhaps, inevitably, the result of a shy, nervous temperament suddenly released from the fetters of shyness and nervousness. Goering's personal appearance comes in for drastic censure, but no more censorious than her summing-up of the man himself as "the most vicious, reckless and dangerous man in Nazi Germany." She even suggests that his outbursts of rage during the Fire Trial were deliberately done with the intention of provoking Dimitroff into actions which would force his eviction from

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

Two Books on Germany.

TH E longer I live the more, alas! I realise that there is as much misery caused by weakness as by wickedness. Unfortunately, moreover, the wicked understand the psychology of the weak far more clearly than the weak grasp the psychology of the wicked. Had not, for example, France been so long torn asunder by agitators of

the court before he had an opportunity to give dangerous evidence. Goebbels she describes as "sharp, sardonic, unscrupulous," and von Ribbentrop as "a snob, extremist, with no intellectual ability whatever, but the canniness of a cat." By which it will appear that the writer's assertion that her book is written in passion and in hope is fully justified. Her hope, incidentally, lies in the instinctive niceness and good temper of the vast majority of the ordinary, everyday German when he is not artificially incited and when he is otherwise let alone.

Most of her passion, however, is vented upon the private and public espionage which goes on just beneath the surface of modern life in Germany, and especially in the chapter relating to the Nazi tortures, which, after two thousand years of Christianity and a stage described as "civilised," truly make appalling reading. Life in Germany, as she describes it, is lived in the shadow of imminent betrayal. Even her father suspected that there were concealed microphones in the Embassy, and invented a contraption of cotton-wool for muffling the telephone when he wished to speak privately in his own room. Suspicion of friends, suspicion of acquaintances, the ever-present suspicion of the unknown betrayer in the home and outside it makes freedom in modern Germany an hourly menace, according to the writer of this curiously unbalanced, yet strangely vivid, and, on the whole, most convincing book. No wonder she writes, towards the end, that "Germany has returned to the rule of the jungle, where man's most primitive and blood-thirsty instincts have been elevated to the law of the land. The Nazi wolves have devoured a nation."

Nazi Conspiracy in America.

Moreover, if Leon G. Turrou's book, "The Nazi Spy Conspiracy in America" (as told by David G. Wittels), had been fiction, instead of fact, we should have regarded it as a first-rate tale of imagination: again the "gangster" imagination. Cunning and clever, yet with at least one dependable streak of sheer stupidity in its composition, which blows up Nazi machinations sky-high in the end. Mr. Turrou belongs to the Federal Bureau of Investigation,

otherwise the G-men. He was concerned with the conviction of those Germans who were arrested last December on the charge of espionage for the German Government. According to him, the full flush of the Nazi conspiracy began four years ago, and reached the height of its ingenuity and cunning in the earlier part of last year. It made extraordinary progress for a long while, discovering the most intimate details concerning America's defence programme, especially where it dealt with naval affairs, of which it was at times perfectly cognisant, even before the highest officers in the United States Navy knew anything about them at all. Apparently, it was ruthless in its efforts, and among other achievements was the forging of the President's signature.

On the other hand, it was sometimes incredibly stupid. The spy, for example, who acquired plans of the fortification of the Panama Canal zone, believing them to be plans of the Philippines, and, even so, not realising that the maps didn't cover the same district. Uneasy suspicion began to be aroused

(Continued on page 246)



HOLLYWOOD CELEBRITIES STEP OUT

Lovely Marlene Dietrich and Erich Maria Remarque were supper partners at a recent party given by the Basil Rathbones in Hollywood. Erich Remarque is, of course, the author of that remarkable war book, "All Quiet on the Western Front," which so annoyed the present régime in Germany that he has since lived outside that country. Marlene Dietrich, also an exile from Germany, has been absent from pictures lately, much to the regret of her myriads of admirers



INTO A FISH ON THE GLASLYN AT BEDDGELERT, NORTH WALES

Guy and Collier

Some sing the praise of the sweet, shy trout,
And some of the bold, bad bass;
And some of the salmon that leaps for the fly,
And some of the tarpon that dazzles the eye,
Or yet to the ouananiche pass.

I sing the praise of the whole fish tribe,
The cast, the lure, and the strike,
Any kind that will chase my dull cares away,
And give an excuse to play hookey to-day,
Is the kind of fishing I like."

ANON.

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

in America, however, some two years ago, when the complicity of the German steamship lines began to be suspected. Mr. Turrou proves his case when he shows that this complicity was actually a fact. The whole book, however, is a deadly warning to every country in which, in these modern days, Germany has any commercial or personal interest. And one especially interesting chapter deals with the Keeler polygraph—otherwise, a lie-detector. It is an extraordinarily ingenious method which, though it has its limitations, is often remarkably successful. (Which brings me to the point that it is to be hoped it will never become so perfected as to be available for daily use. That would be too awful, especially when social freedom, as well as domestic, is the ability to tell white lies convincingly and to defend them without a moral tremor.)

But to return to Mr. Turrou's book. It is an extraordinary and most disturbing record of what I can only think of, in peace time, as a perverted patriotism. As I wrote above, its contents would appear almost unbelievable were it not founded on actual records and actual facts. The comparatively recent conviction in the U.S.A. of at least some of the leaders in Nazi espionage, proving the case publicly.

Intimate Letters of an Empress.

The complete Nazi mentality is, however, beyond the comprehension of ordinary and comparatively morally civilised mortals. Consequently, the little book I have just been reading would be considered by them as rather a humorous volume. It is called "Letters of an Empress" (Massie Publishing Co.), and is a collection of intimate letters from Maria

Theresa to her children and friends, and is edited by G. Pusch. What a wise, sane, level-headed woman she proves herself in these extracts to have been, especially when she writes of the ideals of royalty, of the aristocracy, and of the mind and manners of those in a position of leadership. Although they are all written to close members of her family, and so give a remarkably interesting insight into the home life of an outstanding Empress, their wisdom applies to everybody who reads these letters, since they are mostly concerned with everyday life and conduct.

She writes to her son, Archduke Joseph, later Emperor Joseph II.: "I am much in fear that, having in general a very poor opinion of men, you should yet lose these few that are honest, by confounding them with the others. This is a point of supreme importance, since one who is trustworthy would not suffer himself to be suspected nor confounded with the others, and will rather withdraw, if he can, or will serve with less zeal. Confidence is the great motive power, and where it is wanting everything is lacking. I must confess to you that the German note was drawn up in a fashion which distressed me on your account, that you could think thus, and find pleasure in so discouraging and ironically humiliating others. I must tell you that it is quite the opposite of what I have done in my life. I would rather, by pleasant words, bring everyone to fulfil my wishes, and persuade rather than force them. I have found it successful.

... Be on your guard against finding satisfaction in malice. Your heart is not yet evil, but it will become so. It is time to refrain from delighting in all these *bons mots*, these witty forms of speech, which only tend to mortify, to ridicule others, and so to estrange all honest folk, and, because of that, to make you think that none of the human race deserves respect or love, since by your own actions you turned aside from you all that is good, and only kept and opened the door to rogues, imitators and flatterers of your talents."

Especially interesting also are the letters which the Empress wrote to her daughter, Marie Antoinette, if only because they hint at the very characteristics, understandable in one so young, which eventually turned public opinion against the Queen. But, as I wrote, these letters are interesting much more for their humanity than for their historical importance. They are letters written by a mother to her children, and only, perhaps, in those letters which advise and

direct the upbringing of her son Joseph does the relentless path of conduct, which used to be trodden by ancient royalty, protrude itself as something which is purely of archaic interest. Here, for example, is an extract which seems to me to be extremely *à propos* to modern times: "I know that at this hour it is believed that there is no pleasure where there is restraint. I could not agree to this, having had experience of it myself, and seeing every day that the same people who most support this maxim are the most bored and the least happy: they enjoy nothing, giving too free a course to their whims and their senses, which finally tyrannise over them." In fact, there is not a letter in the whole collection from which you cannot glean some item of wisdom applicable to one-

self. To read them was, for me, a delightful experience.

A Strangely Moving Little Book.

"Johnny Pye and the Fool-killer" (Heinemann; 5s.), by Stephen Vincent Bénéet, is a curiously moving little allegory of Everyman's flight from a suffocating existence, which is like death-in-life, and finally from death itself, which puts an end to further hopeful search for self-fulfilment. Johnny Pye, as a boy, lived with an old miller and his wife in the remote village of Martinsville. But he ran away, because he lived all the time listening for the tramp-tramp-tramp of the Fool-killer, who, he felt sure, would get him if he remained. So he wanders out into the world, attaching himself first of all to a quack-doctor, then to an itinerant musician, then to the environment of a U.S. President, then, finally, to wife and to children, only to find them each, in turn, unable to deaden the tramp-tramp-tramp of the Fool-killer after familiarity had deadened the voice of novelty. Until at last he comes to the Reaper, otherwise the Fool-killer Himself. He begs for longer, much longer, to live. Then he realises that, were he to live longer, old as he is, he would be even a more lonely prisoner in the world than ever before. It is a very short little allegory, but it is strangely moving. The first-rate drawings which, so to speak, accompany Johnny Pye, by Charles Child, add, moreover, that quietly humorous touch which the story demands to make it even more effective,



OXFORD WILL FIGHT: THE UNION DEBATE ON CONSCRIPTION

A group taken when the Oxford University Union Society added a significant page to its history by carrying, by 423 votes to 326, a motion in favour of Conscription—a bit of a change from the famous "No Fight" pronouncement of 1933! In an exceedingly spirited debate Mr. Randolph Churchill and Commander Stephen King-Hall (pro) and Captain Liddell Hart (anti) were the chief speakers. Mr. A. P. Herbert, Senior Burgess of the University, having paired his House of Commons vote for Conscription, came specially from Westminster to be present. The hall was packed to the last inch (even window-sills being filled) and police precautions against rough-housing were taken, but these proved unnecessary.

From left to right here are: Mr. Julian Amery, Mr. J. S. Wardell, Mr. Randolph Churchill, Mr. J. A. Biggs-Davidson, Mr. L. S. Schultz, Commander Stephen King-Hall, Mr. Alex Giles, Mr. J. K. Kerrinsh, the Hon. Hugh Fraser (President of the Union), Mr. P. O'Donovan, Mr. A. P. Herbert, M.P., Captain Liddell Hart, Mr. John Peyton, Mrs. L. M. Ensor and Mr. E. P. Street



AT MONTE CARLO: THE BISHOP OF LIVERPOOL AND CANON TUPPER-CARY

"IN THE GOOD SUN"

On the Blue Coast



AT NICE: VICOMTESSE DE L'HERMITTE AND MR. SOMERSET MAUGHAM



MORE MONTE: MISS DAPHNE AND MISS DIANA CHESTER - MASTER

PERSONALITIES AT THE BEACH
(Seated) Mme. Jean de Godziemba-Godebsk and Prince Jean-Louis de Faucigny-Lucinge; (standing) Mlle. Ariel de Faucigny-Lucinge and M. Jean de Godziemba-Godebsk

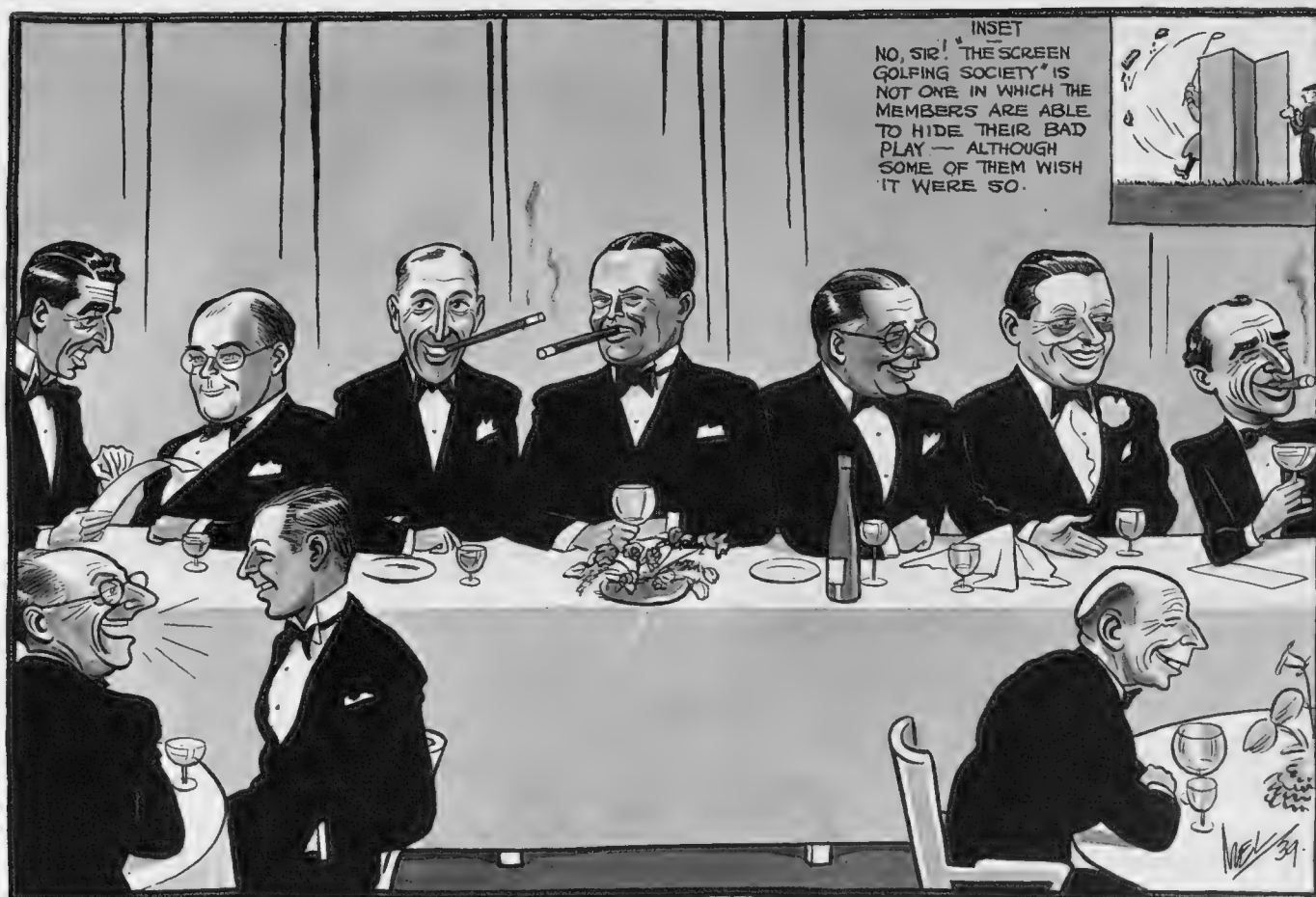


TAKING LIFE EASILY:
MR. AND MRS. GREY SHAW



BALLET DANCER EUGENIE DELAROVA AT THE BEACH

It is to be hoped that those lucky ones who can spare the time to dally in the sun on the Riviera, will every now and then stop to give a thought to their poor unfortunate co-human beings who have been almost freezing to death in this country, have almost forgotten what the sun looks like, and are waiting for some crazy dictator to bellow down a microphone. Among recent visitors to Monte Carlo have been the Bishop of Liverpool, the Rt. Rev. Albert David, who is seen on the terrace with Canon Tupper-Cary, the British padre in Monaco. It is related that he does not dare give out a hymn numbered under 36 for fear of having his church emptied at one fell swoop. Another Monte Carlo regular is Prince Jean-Louis de Faucigny-Lucinge, who was snapped at the swimming-pool. His wife was the former Miss "Baba"-d'Erlanger. Mr. Somerset Maugham, whose last book, "Christmas Holiday," had such a success, was at the Comtesse Gautier-Vignal's garden-party for the Nice International Horse Show jumping teams. The Vicomtesse de l'Hermitte is the daughter of the Comtesse Gautier-Vignal. Miss Daphne Chester-Master and sister were watching tennis at the Monte Carlo Country Club when seized on by the camera. Mrs. Grey Shaw in public life is Nina Tarakanova, the famous ballet dancer, and Eugenie Delarova is another ballet star, she being a member of the Monte Carlo Russian Ballet



THE SCREEN GOLFING SOCIETY—BY "MEL"

The Screen Golfing Society, members of which are mostly prominent people in the film industry, and whose headquarters are at Stoke Poges Golf Club, had their Spring Auction Sweep recently at the Savoy Hotel. The chairman was Mr. R. McCooey, the captain. Names: (l. to r., at back) Colonel E. H. Williams, Marcel Varnel, Maurice Ostrer, R. McCooey, Geoffrey Bernerd, Howard Welsch, Bert Ambrose, the dance band leader; and (in front) Eddie Hertz, who sometimes laughs, Clifford Jeapes, and Arthur Harris

ARNOLD BENTLEY, the new English champion, has been knocking at the door for some time, but it was not until last week that anything in the shape of a major success had come his way. No man worked harder to win a championship, nor better deserved his victory at the end. He won when he was up all the way; he won when he was down all the way; and he won when he had to go to the 19th or 20th. You can't ask for more. His style—at any rate in the long game—is not taken directly from the text-book: he has a suspicious dip at the knees just around the moment of impact; but his short game is sound and practical. His friends at Southport assure me that his game scarcely varies from one day to the next—a happy state of affairs that numerous readers would doubtless give much to enjoy.

As I recorded last week, almost everyone came away with a high opinion of Birkdale. Locally some of them are fanatically proud of it, and to say merely that it is "very good" is resented as unfavourable criticism. I am afraid I got into trouble one night for enquiring the price of the snipe-shooting on the bog beside the 5th fairway, but that was all in jest, and I fancy there is no permanent ill-feeling. On the other hand, I suggest in all seriousness that the Open, due next year, has come to Birkdale just a little too soon. The lay-out warrants it, but the surface condition could do with, say, another three years. The general problem of green-keeping is at Birkdale a tricky one. After three or four inches of soil you come to sand, and a little further down you reach the innumerable streams that are known locally as "remes," or perhaps "reams." I have used the word in a knowing way more than once in conversation, but never known how to spell it. The point is that to prepare an even layer of smooth, firm turf on this surface is no easy matter, with divots falling to pieces and the wind blowing loose sand all over the course from the gigantic sandhills that are such a feature of the landscape in general. Other parts of the course become unduly wet and are drained

CONCERNING GOLF

By HENRY LONGHURST

with a complicated system of locks. No one is more conscious of these problems than the Birkdale greens committee, nor could anyone strive more whole-heartedly to overcome them. In time I have absolutely no doubt that they will

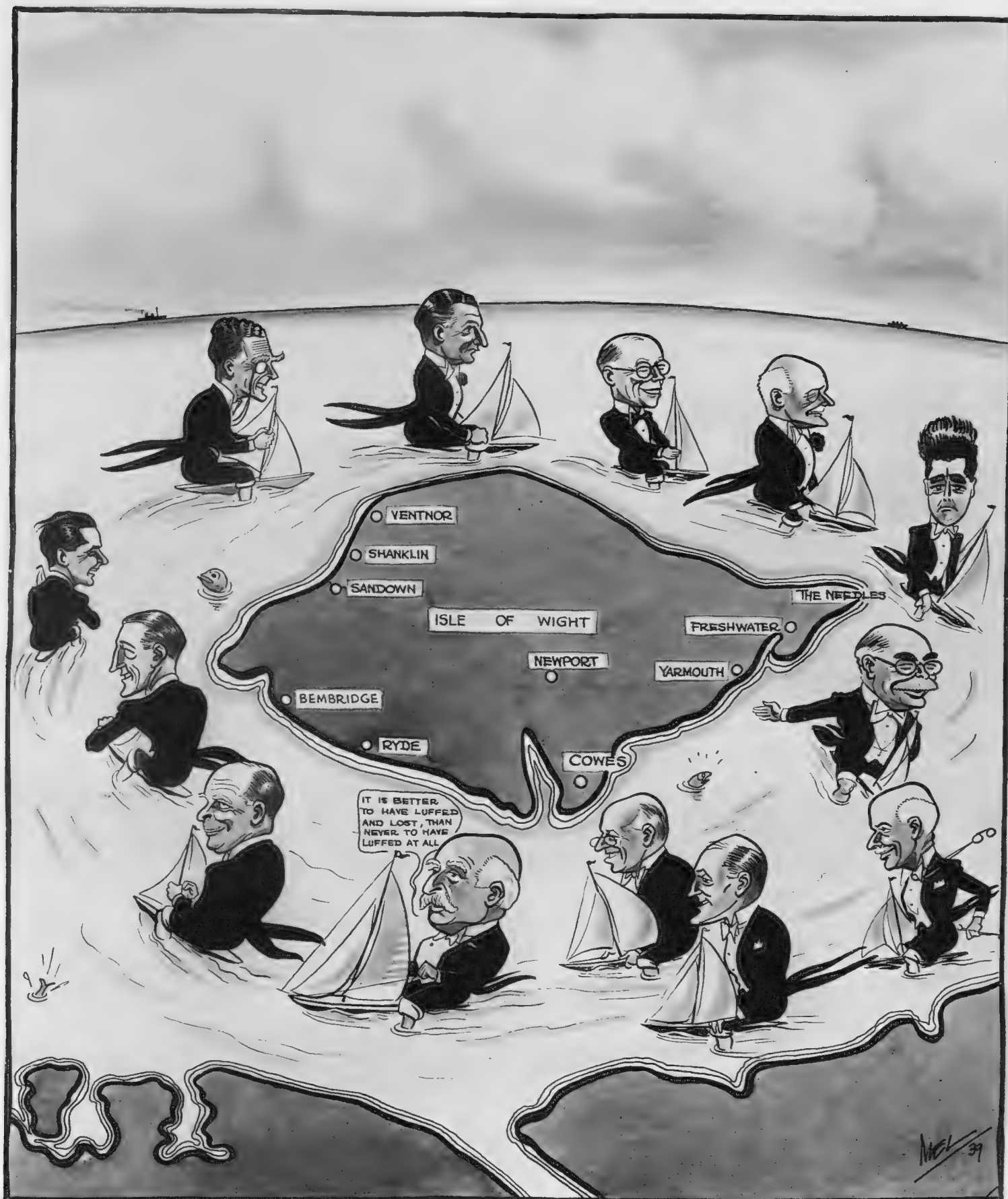
do so, but I repeat that I wish they had been given just a little longer before being invited to take the championship.

There was, of course, last week a lot of speculation as to the probable winning score in the Open, granted normal conditions—which implies a certain degree of breeze. It is a fact that no amateur or professional has yet broken 70 there in a competitive round. Will they do so in July, when there's plenty of run on the ball? For myself, I should give 290 to 292 as the probable score; but that's a long way ahead yet. Anyway, I shall take off my hat respectfully to everyone who goes round in 68.

Personally I found the most entertaining match of the week to be that between the gargantuan Nugent Head and crafty Harry Bentley. Head from time to time hits the ball so far as to be scarcely decent; Bentley is a shrewd match player of infinite experience and a wily customer at turning three shots into two: a splendidly assorted pair for a fight to a finish. Head went off like a shot from a gun, as if he'd knock the head off Cotton, or anyone else, and he might have been four up at the 4th. As it was he was three. By the turn he was all square, and a vicious slice at the 10th put him one down. Clearly the end. But, no! At the 12th, Harry, who drives at least as far as any good scratch amateur, hit one nicely down the middle and then took a brassie, with which he missed the green, forty yards short, on the left. The spectators then marched on again, and on and on. Finally we arrived at Head's drive, and were startled to see him pitch his second on the green with a spared No. 5! All square! To cut the story short, Harry put his tee shot stone dead at the 13th, and was two up with two to play. Head had a grand two at the 17th; Harry, very unlike him, made a mess of the 18th, and off they went to the 19th. Now this measures

(Continued on page xx)

ROUND THE ISLAND



THE ISLAND SAILING CLUB JUBILEE DINNER—BY "MEL"

The Island Sailing Club, whose headquarters are at Cowes, Isle of Wight, recently celebrated their Jubilee at a dinner held at Grosvenor House, Park Lane. The Club, which has a membership of about 700, holds a reputation for its cheery spirit and hospitality. One of the Club's most important races is for the "Roman Bowl," for a race "round the Island," hence the inspiration for the above cartoon. The "Roman Bowl" was presented by Mr. B. C. Windeler, and last year attracted fifty yachts of over 25 tons. At the dinner, the Commodore was in the chair. Names (starting from top left): Admiral of the Fleet the Earl of Cork and Orrery, G.C.B., G.C.V.O., T. C. Ratsey, Rear-Commodore, J. C. W. Damant, Vice-Commodore, Major B. Hexstall-Smith, Uffa Fox, Sir Godfrey Baring, Bt., Chairman, Isle of Wight County Council, Sir William Burton, B. C. Windeler, Vice-Admiral Sir Geoffrey Blake, the Commodore, General Viscount Gort, Michael Mason, Commodore Royal Ocean Racing Club, and Bruce Benzie, Hon. Sec. the Island Racing Club

LUISE RAINER'S DEBUT IN "BEHOLD

THE BRIDE," IN MANCHESTER



MISS BETTY LEIGH AND HER AFFIANCED,
MR. CHARLES LACOSTE, SUP AT THE MIDLAND



GRIFFITH JONES AND LUISE RAINER
IN A SCENE IN THE PLAY



LUISE RAINER AND MR. HENRY SHEREK
(IMPRESARIO) AT SUPPER



MR. JACK PERKIN, MISS HELEN BREEN (MRS. TOM ARNOLD),
AND MR. CECIL MOORES AT THE MIDLAND



MR. CLAUDE LEIGH, THE HON. MRS. SHEREK (PAMELA CARME),
AND MR. GRIFFITH JONES



MR. HERON CARVIC, MISS NINA RAMSDEN,
AND MISS PHYLLIS NEILSON-TERRY

Luise Rainer's stage début in England in Jacques Deval's new play, *Behold the Bride*, was entirely successful, and of this London will have a chance of proving for itself, for it is to come to the Shaftesbury on May 23. The scene of action was the Palace Theatre, Manchester, and the play—a clever but not quite new story of the concealed marriage—was presented jointly by Henry Sherek, Ltd., and Tom Arnold, Ltd. For the two distinguished impresarios, also for their charming wives, see the pictures.



MR. JOE TOOLE (EX-LORD MAYOR)
AND MR. TOM ARNOLD

The Hon. Mrs. Sherek is a sister of Lord Falmouth and has won fame on the stage as Pamela Carme. Tom Arnold is talking to the most amusing man in Manchester City, Joe Toole, former Lord Mayor and M.P., wittiest of *raconteurs* and immensely popular. Mr. Cecil Moores, who is in the picture with Mrs. Tom Arnold, is one of the two partners of Littlewoods' Football Pools. Mr. Griffith Jones, seen on and off the stage at the Midland, to which everyone went on after the show, is the leading man in the play. Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry and Mr. Heron Carvic (see another group) are both acting in a new play at the Prince's, Manchester, called *Then and Again*.



Ursula Powys-Lybbe, A.R.P.S.

MORE SIDELIGHTS ON CHARACTER: LADY CADOGAN AND BELONGINGS

Piecing together personality from immediate environment is a game this touring camera enjoys, and here it passes on the clues obtained during a recent visit to Lord Cadogan's wife at Lillingstone Lovell Manor, in Bucks. Two-year-old Lord Chelsea and smaller sister, Lady Sarah Cadogan, of course, come prominently into the picture. So do Tuppence and Penny, the Pekes. The top-boots, silk hat, and other fox-hunting equipment, now put by till November, tell of their owner's keenness on the Sport of Kings, particularly as shown by the Grafton Hounds, of which her husband has been Master since 1938. Lady Cadogan's brush and palette are very often in use—she paints attractive flower-studies for fun—and snapshotting and cinematography also appeal. A much more unusual hobby is the acquiring of miniature furniture, of which the Queen Anne table is an example. This collection is to be arranged in due course in a tiny period house, specially built to scale. Lady Cadogan, who was married in 1936, was formerly the Hon. Primrose Yarde-Buller

AN ANNUAL BANQUET

IN AID OF BOYS' HOSTELS



THE HON. MRS. JOHN BENN HAD SIR PERCY ALDEN AS DINNER PARTNER



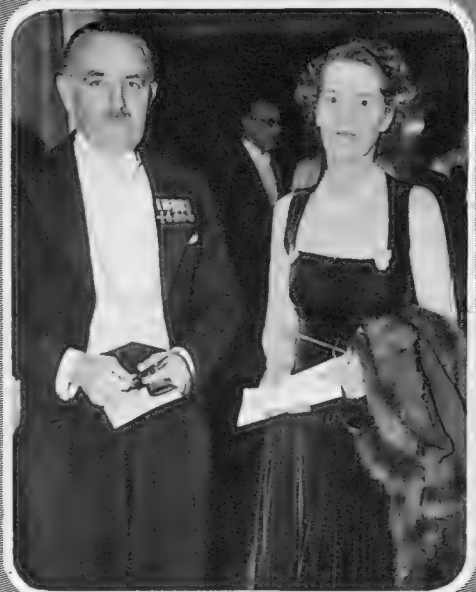
LADY WILLINGDON AND SIR JOHN (A.R.P.) ANDERSON, M.P.



AT THE CHAIRMAN'S TABLE:
LADY BENN AND LORD LEVERHULME



AIR-MARSHAL SIR CHARLES BURNETT
AND LADY (HORACE) HAMILTON



SIR JOHN AND LADY MILDRED FITZGERALD



LORD WILLINGDON (CHAIRMAN)
AND LADY LEVERHULME



LADY MALCOLM DOUGLAS-HAMILTON
AND MR. STUART RUSSELL, M.P.

Under the chairmanship of Lord Willingdon, the Boys' Hostels Association had its annual dinner (the eleventh to be held) at the Dorchester recently. This Association, which runs the John Benn Hostel at Stepney and King George's House at Stockwell, was founded twelve years ago in memory of the late Sir John Benn, whose son, Sir Ernest Benn, has worked tirelessly for its well-being. Sir Ernest was President up till 1937, when Lord Leverhulme took over this office. At the dinner, Sir John Anderson, Lord Privy Seal, and Warden of our hearths and homes, proposed the cause of the forgoing, chairman and President responding. Sir Ernest Benn and his M.P. brother, Mr. Wedgwood Benn, also had something worth while to say. Sir Abdul Qadir, who sat next to Mr. Benn at the chairman's table, is adviser to the Secretary of State for India; he was called to the Bar in '07. Air-Marshal Sir Charles Burnett, who was also at the top table, was appointed to the Training Command in 1936. Lady Malcolm Douglas-Hamilton, seen with the Member for the Darwen Division, is Colonel the Hon. Malcolm Bowes-Lyon's charming daughter



SIR ABDUL QADIR AND MR. WEDGWOOD BENN, M.P., FORMER CABINET MINISTER

THE V.W.H. THROW A GYMKHANA PARTY



THE HON. DIANA HOLLAND-HIBBERT AND MISS TANNER
IN THE MUSICAL CHAIRS CONTEST



THE ROLL, BOWL OR PITCH
RACE



MISS SPROTT AND "BENJAMIN"—
A NON-STARTER, BUT WILLING



CHIVALRY IS DEAD!: MASTER C. G. BANNATYNE
UNSEATS MISS JANE PHILLIPS



A WILD HORSE ON THE BUST

(BELOW) THE SLACKS AND SACK RACE



Photos.: W. Dennis Moss

The V.W.H. Polo Club hit up as much fun at this good show as is always had at entertainments called by this name of Oriental origin. It was at Hare Bushes, Cirencester, by kind permission of Mr. J. Scantlebury, and it was run by Miss Diana Holland-Hibbert, only daughter of the former joint-Master and huntsman of Lord Bathurst's beautiful pack, and Lady Knutsford. As was only fair, the Hon. Sec. won a race, the Biscuit and Whistle one. It conjures up a horrid picture, and sounds as if it might be even worse than the Sponge Cake and Ginger Pop Stakes—a favourite method of torture at such adventures as these. The rest of the illustrations are so eloquent of themselves that it would be sheer painting of the lily to add further description. The wild horse that got loose must have caused something of a panic—a nasty, fierce-looking animal!

ENTERTAINMENTS

à la CARTE

By ALAN BOTT



GRAB-AS-GRAB-CAN: MARY ALICE COLLINS, EFFIE AFTON

THE worst thing about *The Women*, the single irrelevant and not altogether honest thing, is the title. Here is a scorching, monstrously witty play about specimens whom the author describes as "a numerically small group of ladies native to the Park Avenues of America. . . . The play is a clinical study of a more or less isolated group, projected, perhaps, in bad temper, but in good faith." Whereas the women, as Clare Boothe herself points out in the same Preface, embrace half the human species. Incidentally, they include two-thirds of the theatre audiences; and logic is not the strong point of audiences in London. You can hear, at the Lyric Theatre, playgoers asking whether they themselves and Mona and Margot, not to mention Cousin Jane and Aunt Constance (or Lady Baldwin and the Duchess of Atholl), in any way resemble these poisonous characters. Of course they don't. Yet are they not women? Ergo, this play must be a savage fantasy, funny but vulgar, probably written by somebody who hates her sister-females. Sausages *aren't* like that.

Or is it (the *entr'acte* talk continues) that only rich American women behave thus horribly? Then what about Clara and Madeleine and other eminently pleasant Americans among their friends—not to mention Mrs. Kennedy and Mrs. Roosevelt? But if the play had been called *The Harpies*



EMILY ROSS, RITA DAVIES

or *The Magpies*, no such false issue would arise. The female I-specialists in the audience, free from any lurking sense that their glamorous selves are held to be like the women on the stage, would accept the satire for what it is, and would enjoy Miss Boothe's cracks as much as I did. They would even recognise that such specimens exist in Park Lanes as well as in Park Avenues.

It is the specimens and their background that count. The plot itself is as old as the divorce laws, if not the marriage service. Loving wife loses middle-aged husband to a predatory flibbertigibbit, then borrows the flibbertigibbit's weapons to win him back. But the treatment is highly original, for purposes of the stage. It is ultra-feminine: here are females red in tooth and claw, as no man can intimately know them; backbiting, man-hunting, filling the useless hours with futile luxuries and tawdry venom, for ever talking the specialised "shop" of the trades union of married *poules de luxe*. They function on a background of beauty-parlours, and fitting-rooms, exercise-salons, flamboyant bathrooms, powder-closets in expensive supper-joints. They make five blades of scandal grow where one has sprouted, and cultivate them as well in a maternity-ward as in a Reno hotel frequented by the alimony sisterhood—"the girls who get paid and paid." Between them, they break up two moderately happy homes; and before these are patched up again, the leading scandal-monger has in turn lost her own man to a tougher harpy.

The patches of sentiment, chiefly concerned with the child of a divorced pair, dovetail rather uneasily into this

The Ladies, Curse Them



KAREN PETERSON, DEIRDRE DOYLE

pattern of *belles-dames sans merci*. The Women, for the rest, could seem nauseating to some women and many men were it not for its fast pace, and especially for its devastating wit. With such bright lines in such profusion, any fairly good team of all-female players must score unerringly and often. The cast at the Lyric is just that: a fairly good team giving a performance that is not to be compared with the New York original, but is as lively as could be expected from any American combination assembled in London. Miss Karen Peterson brings grace and sympathy to the wife who gets clawed and learns how to claw harder in a good cause. She is, however, too darned nice for all her purposes. You wonder what she is doing in that tarnished gallery; and because it is evidently not in her nature to fight dirty,

you find it hard to believe that the expert who grabbed her man should so easily be forced to return him. Miss Mary Alice Collins, as the leading scandal-maker, sprays her poison efficiently and with appalling gusto; Miss Claire Carleton plays the husband-snatcher with acute insolence; Miss Deirdre Doyle is a hard-boiled mother; Miss Catharine Doucet is riotously funny as a much-married fantastic; Miss Emily Ross, in the rôle of a non-stop breeder, is almost as hilarious; Miss Doreen Lang does well by a maid giving Hollywood imitations of the domestic drama she has seen through a keyhole; Miss Effie Afton effectively renders the tough girl who can spit straight and pull out a rival's hair in handfuls.

These, and many more, rattle off with precision the thousand and one cracks about women, upon which this production depends for success. They range between

the almost poetic—"Getting old is the way you'd feel about autumn if you knew there'd never be another spring"—and the acutely personal—"Buck says he'll be a cock-eyed coyote before he'll lead an old beef like that back to California—but then, you can't expect *noblesse oblige* from a cow-hand" (Buck being an ex-cowboy husband who comes home smelling of perfume and says he's been visiting his horse). There is this, to the non-stop breeder: "Are you just damn careless, or does your husband want to be an ambassador?" Here are other samples on women in general: "There are two kinds of women, owls and ostriches."—"I don't feel sorry for any woman who thinks the world owes her breakfast in bed"—"A woman is compromised the day she is born." On husbands: "The first man who can think up a good explanation how he can be in love with his wife and another woman is going to win that prize they're always giving out in Sweden." On Americans in particular: "My psycho-

analyst says that most

American men have a guilt complex and most of the women a Cinderella complex."

CLAIRE CARLETON,
CATHARINE DOUCET

On family rifts: "With a married couple, it depends whether they get sick first of each other or the argument." And on escape from self: "When a woman feels she is getting old she changes her hair-do or gets a new cook. But a man has only one escape from his old self: to see a new self mirrored in some woman's eyes." Well, it may not be Montaigne, or even Strindberg, but on this background it sounds remarkably apt. It is not unfair, in this instance, to quote lavishly from the text: for each of these lines, there are dozens of equally effective others.



WOMEN IN THEIR HOURS OF EASE

Priscilla in Paris

production were Comédie Française at its best. The same evening the critics had to make their choice between the Grand Guignol, with its programme of alternating thrills and giggles (at least, that is the idea), and a new Revue, starring Marie Dubas and Duvallès, at the A.B.C. I went to the latter and hope, for your sake, that it will still be running when you next come over. The A.B.C. shows have a way of lasting, so I hardly think you can miss it. As well as Marie Dubas, whose *tour de chant* is a brilliant *tour de force*, and Duvallès, who is quite one of the most entertaining comedians on the French stage, there is that lovely creature Vivianne Gosset, whom you must have seen at the Casino de Paris. She sings, acts and dances with great personality, despite the fact that she first made her name for her clever "doubling" of such very different stars as Mistinguett and Josephine Baker.

This reminds me that I have had an amusing letter from Josephine, who is having an enormous success on her South American tour. It was followed by a cable telling me that, at Buenos Aires, she has been awarded a gold medal for the best concert of the year and that her contract has been prolonged for a month. The cable was business, but the letter, to which I return, was pleasure. She raves about Rio:

"It is so beautiful," she writes, "as gay as a fair; people look so happy and nobody seems to have to work. They are all so good-looking and so smart, all dressed in white." She is eloquent about a dish of "Jumbo" that she sampled after having "walked miles and miles to find the place where they make it best," and thus having created the appetite that, I imagine, one needs to enjoy it. It is made of crab "cut in two, served with rice and a sticky, green vegetable, with tiny red, very-very hot *pimento*, all cooked up together." She also mentions a wonderful sweet made of cocoanut, yolk of egg and sugar. The end of her letter hints at a melancholy mood. "Now we are on the boat again and Santos is fading into the distance. It was all so lovely and peaceful that I feel a sort of sadness at leaving. I wish I could have stayed there in one of those little *cabanos* on the edge of the beach surrounded by pineapple and banana trees and masses of beautiful flowers and even orchids that nobody seems to bother about. . . . I feel I belong there so much more than I do to pavements and civilisation!"

Poor Josie! I get that way myself, even at my age, merely over Noirmoutier and the Farm-on-the-Island, where there are no orchids and certainly no pincapples, except in tins! I heartily sympathise with her, but I am selfishly glad that next autumn brings her back to Paris, pavements and the Casino! At the Montparnasse theatre the ladies Constance Colline and Lucienne Favre have given us a stage version of Isabelle Eberhardt's romantic and adventurous life. I realise now where Miss Victoria Cross obtained the inspiration for her amazing heroines who so shocked—and delighted—the maidens of the early days of this century: Isabelle's departure from the beaten tracks, her life in Africa, her pants (I write of her garments, not of her lungs), her cigarettes, her lovers, her marriage to an Algerian soldier and her tragic death when she was only twenty-eight, make better reading, however, than acting.

PRISCILLA.



MME. OLIVIER ALLARD AND FRIEND

The charming owner of a famous Skye—"Daphne of Bazizoo"—who lives with nine other members of the Skye family on the garden roof of Mme. Allard's lovely house in Paris. Mme. Allard is French, but has married a well-known member of the Belgian banking house of Allard

EUROPE'S dangerous clown and public entertainer No. 1 has spoken his piece, *Très Cher*, and, largely thanks to Great Britain's decision for conscription, he has watered his beer pretty considerably. The oh-me-ers and oh-my-ers, whose pessimistic preparations for instant flight into the provinces were so well advanced, are, for the moment, reassured. That we were all anxious—and, indeed, *are* anxious—goes without saying, but I think that, on the whole, we are philosophical. Apparently so, anyway. We are told that "business is bad," and yet I have rarely seen such crowds at all the places where money is spent. The smart restaurants, the *grands couturiers*, the night clubs, cinemas and theatres are packed, and this week has seen the *premières* of half-a-dozen new shows, while four more are announced for next week.

We started off bright and early on Monday afternoon at the Comédie Française with M. Paul Raynal's *A souffert sous Ponce Pilate*. Nothing that comes from M. Raynal's pen can be utterly poor, bad or indifferent, but these three acts, that aimed at whitewashing Judas Iscariot, were summat disconcerting. Even M. Raynal's persuasive eloquence cannot convince me that Judas was a simple soul who did not realise that he was betraying his Master. M. Raynal's Judas was a most pathetic personage, and had he borne any other name I could have wept for him. There were quite a few snufflers in the audience during the last act, for Julian Bartheau's portrayal of the, at first, boastful and then bewildered carpet-maker was extremely moving, while the staging, the rest of the acting and the whole



Star Presse

Mlle. MILA PARELY

Who is equally well known both on the stage and the screen. She recently took over Jacqueline Delubac's rôle, playing opposite Sacha Guitry, in *Un Monde Fou*. Mlle. Mila Parely has also played at the little Théâtre de l'Œuvre

IN PARIS: THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF ST. GEORGE DINNER



LADY DIANA COOPER AND H.E. SIR ERIC PHIPPS, BRITISH AMBASSADOR



THE HON. MRS. REGINALD FELLOWES AND THE GUEST OF HONOUR, MR. A. DUFF COOPER. M.P.



THE HON. MRS. CRAWSHAY AND SIR CHARLES MENDEL IN CONVERSATION



Mlle. JANE MARNAC, HER HUSBAND, MAJOR KEITH TREVOR, AND MR. "FREDDIE" FANE



THE REV. CANON CARDEW AND MRS. CARDEW



MISS ROSAMOND FELLOWES, COMTE SUCHET D'ALBUFÉRA AND COMTESSE A. DE CASTÉJA

The St. George's Day Dinner of the Royal Society of St. George, held at the Hotel Claridge in Paris, had Mr. Duff Cooper and Lady Diana Cooper as guests of honour and the British Ambassador and Lady Phipps heading many members of the British colony. The toast of "England" was proposed by Mr. Duff Cooper, who extolled the value of the Society of St. George in encouraging love of country and stressed that the British spirit of to-day was equal to any call, just as in 1914. H.E. Sir Eric Phipps, H.B.M.'s Ambassador in Berlin before coming to Paris, gave the toast to the Society. The Hon. Mrs. Reginald Fellowes, who lives just outside Paris, brought débutante Miss Rosamond Fellowes; the latter's half-sister, Comtesse Alexandre de Castéja, was amongst attractive young-marrieds at the dinner. Canon Frederic Cardew, who said grace, is a well-known character in the French capital and head of the British Theatre Hostel for Girls. That famous actress Jane Marnac and her husband, Major Keith Trevor, had a cheerful word with the popular secretary of the Travellers' Club, and Sir Charles Mendl, Press Attaché at the British Embassy in Paris, talked things over with the Hon. Mrs. Crawshay, whose father, Lord Tyrrell, was Ambassador 1928-34

THE RECENT HENHAM HARRIERS HUNT 'CHASES



LORD AND LADY STRADBROKE:
THE MASTER AND HIS WIFE



SPECTATING: THE HON. SAVILE CROSSLEY, LADY
SOMERLEYTON AND MRS. GEOFFREY COLMAN



THE HON. KEITH ROUS AND LADY
ROMAYNE CECIL



LORD AND LADY DUNWICH, THE
MASTER'S SON AND WIFE



MISS DIANA HOLLAND, MR. GREIG
AND MR. MILLS



AND MISS DIANA AND MISS
MONICA HOLLAND

This ancient pack of hounds held their doing-the-dangerous meeting at Flixton, near Bungay, in Suffolk, and from information received, and believed to be authentic, they had the height of a fine time. The Henham Harriers are a very ancient foundation, for 200 years ago they were foxhounds, carried on for a long time by the Freestone family; in later years, when harriers, by Sir S. B. Crossley—afterwards Lord Somerleyton—(1881-88); and from that time onward by Lord Stradbroke, who has been Master and also huntsman all these years, and is about the most senior Master of hounds in the list. The families connected are well represented in these pictures. Lord Dunwich is the heir, and was a sailor, as was also his younger brother, the Hon. Keith Rous, so well known in the polo world, and one of our on-coming players—very full of enthusiasm. Lady Somerleyton has the heir to the title, the Hon. Savile Crossley, in tow, as may be said. The rest of the pictures are devoted to various charming young people, who were either just spectating or, when braver, performing

Landing Party



"When shall we three meet again—in Pullman, liner or in 'plane?"
Wherever it may be, Johnnie Walker will be among those present. And among those present in Johnnie Walker will be all the finest whiskies of Scotland, blended with quite extraordinary skill to make an even finer whisky. This skill in blending, and the long years of maturing that precede it, are the secrets of Johnnie Walker's uniquely clean and satisfying flavour.

Gentlemen!
your Johnnie Walker —



CRAVEN "A"

Will not
affect your
throat



Cravens Ltd. 150 years' reputation for quality



NIGHT SCENE: CURZON STREET

By R. G. MATHEWS



THE ST
Scene: Entrance to Newmarket
By LIONEL EDWARDS



STALLION

ke Town from the London Road

DWARDS, R.I., R.C.A.



Chesro
Trade Mark

Chesro

TRADE MARK

MODELS

in Tootal Fabrics

Trade Mark

More trimmings this season, says fashion . . . but trimmings alone won't give a frock distinction. Chesro models bring you the latest whimsies in buttons and trimmings, while maintaining their reputation for beautiful cut and finish. See Chesro Models for yourself. And when you've admired the beautiful quality of the Tootal materials, the clever cut, workmanship and detail, you'll be surprised to learn that a frock like the one, opposite costs only 30/-. It is made in Lystav, a Tootal Rayon, that has a power to resist and recover from creasing. And, of course, it carries this 'Tootal Guarantee :

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Ask your dress house to show you their own selection.

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(Crease-resisting)

In white, navy, natural,
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Other models range above and below this price.





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TOBACCO & CIGARETTES

MOVING YET WELL-FIXED STARS



ELLEN DREW—FORMERLY STORE GIRL—NOW STAR GIRL

(RIGHT)
BETTE DAVIS,
DOUBLE CHAMPION

The lady whose portrait so much adorns the top of this page was once in a dime store, but since then she has soared very high in the Hollywood heaven. Everybody in London, of course, must have seen her good performance in *The Lady's From Kentucky* and now she is busy on *French Without Tears*—opposite lead Ray Milland. Bette Davis, beautiful as she is clever, is one of the few dual winners of the Academy of Motion Pictures' award. Her present preoccupation is a picture called *The Old Maid*. She does not seem at first sight to fit the situation. *Midnight*, in which Elaine Barrie makes her film debut, is being given at a première at the Plaza on May 11 in aid of the Princess Beatrice Hospital. The performance will be attended by H.M. Queen Mary. Elaine Barrie is at present John Barrymore's fourth wife

(ON RIGHT) JOHN BARRYMORE AND ELAINE BARRIE, WHO ARE IN "MID-NIGHT" (MAY 11), "AND FRIENDS"—NOT IN THE CAST!



Pictures in the Fire

By "SABRETACHE"

the best speeches he has ever made in the House, that if Herr Hitler uttered words of menace it would not make the situation worse than it appeared on the facts; if Herr Hitler uttered reassurances he, for one, would not believe them until they were confirmed by deeds; if he uttered mere abuse, why should we pay any attention to that? All lawyers know the old saying that the man who has a bad case invariably abuses the other side's attorney. It never has been known to win him his case or to have the least effect upon a jury.

Upon the question as to who should and who should not be made to stand-to, I think many people will

be inclined to agree with these words uttered by Sir Archibald Sinclair in the course of the "Conscription" debate:

"Why did it devolve on the man of twenty only to vindicate the principles of justice which Mr. Chamberlain invoked in his statement yesterday? If it was going to be applied at all, let it be applied generally, and not only to boys of twenty."

If one might venture to supplement these remarks, I suggest that there are many people a long way over twenty, who are pawing the ground, and who are quite ready and fit to pull their weight. These patriots are a pretty numerous crowd, a vast untapped reservoir ready to take on a job of work for which most of them are well fitted, i.e., to supply gun-crews for what may be called the weapons of position.



THE OXFORD FRESHERS' MATCH—YOUNG'S v. DIXON'S

The verdict was "Very good stuff," and some of it extra promising. E. J. H. Dixon's side beat D. E. Young's side by seven wickets in less than two hours. Scores: Young's, 166 and 201 and Dixon's, 292 for six dec. and 78 for 3, and R. Sale (Repton and Oriol) is marked as a University opening batsman of class, is left-handed, and got 53 (retired) for Dixon's and 31 in his second knock. The names in the group are: (back) W. S. P. Lithgow, J. Stanning, A. J. B. Marsham, M. H. Webb, and D. F. Shaw; (middle) D. E. Warburton, J. A. Crompton, R. Sale, C. M. H. Clark, H. E. Cashin, D. J. F. Watson, P. F. Beane, M. J. Farebrother, and G. E. Dixon; (front) C. W. S. Lubbock, A. T. G. Groves, D. R. Hayward, R. C. Fenwick, H. J. B. Wright, G. E. Fletcher, R. B. Proud and M. A. Girling

LEARNED counsel dealing with a truculent witness in a matrimonial cause, once upon a time, put this question to him: "Have you stopped beating your wife? Answer me 'Yes' or 'No,' sir, and be very careful, remembering that you are on your oath!" The man was put completely up the pole. That counsel's name was not Roosevelt.

Mr. Winston Churchill, so many of us think, would have cross-examined that particular witness extremely well. The Right Honourable gentleman said, in the course of one of



Truman Howell

AT THE GLAMORGANSHIRE COUNTY CRICKET CLUB DINNER AT NEWPORT

There was a great muster at this feast, and above are three pillars of the bat-and-ball game: Mr. Maurice Turnbull, the Glamorgan skipper, who has played for England; likewise Rugger and hockey for Wales; Mr. Bertrand Turnbull, the chairman of Glamorgan C.C., and Mr. G. O. Allen, the last England captain against the Australians in Australia, who was the guest of the evening



ANGUS SOCIETY CHILDREN'S ORCHESTRA AND SUPPORTERS

Snapped at a rehearsal of these earnest musicians for the Overseas League Concert in the St. James's Church Hall, Forfar

On the left Lord Ogilvy (conductor), and the rest of the party includes Lady Grisel Ogilvy, the Hon. Angus Ogilvy (conductor's sister and brother), Misses Elizabeth, Christian, and Lovina Carnegie, Anne Hill, Michael Hill, Misses Jean Macpherson and June Hainault, Mr. Crofts, Miss Milne, Mr. D. Bell, Mrs. Fairweather, Miss McLauchlan and Mr. N. Langlands

It is my suggestion that, in view of the fact that all these "Archie" batteries are more or less stationary, *i.e.*, guns of fixed position, the crews could be supplied by men of higher age than is at present the case. I am aware that the age limit is fifty-one. I suggest it should be higher. The main idea in my mind is that all the men below, say, forty, should be drafted into field units. There is this big untapped reservoir of men between fifty and sixty, and even more, who are quite fit and ready to take the places of the men who ought to be in field units. I have had personal contact with many men, ex-officers, regulars and T.A., who are only too anxious to see some scheme on these lines evolved, and who are ready to serve in this capacity as, at any rate, part-time anti-aircraft gun-crews.

An instance: A man who was a major T.A. during the last war, now well over fifty, and engaged in an essential trade—coal—is very anxious to be given a chance, and his suggestion is that regional recruitment of him, and people like him, should be instituted at once. There are probably millions of this sort of man all over the country. My own eighteenth birthday is not to-morrow, but I endorse this idea with an offer to stand-to three or four nights a week, at any gun and/or light station. This not only *pour encourager les autres*, but because I believe that it is imperative to tap every available source of man-supply and that people who elect for what I call "sedentary" warlike avocations, should not be allowed to do so, and should be sent to mobile units, leaving this other job to the older and, in some cases, tougher chaps. The Old Brigade might crack up if it had to march fifteen miles with 100 lb. on its back—but I would not bet on even that happening. The thing I will lay odds on is that many of the Old Brigade are good enough to serve the guns and stick at that job, even though it may not be a very light thing handling 3·7 and 4·5 shells, or very pleasant living in between whiles in little tin huts. I put this suggestion forward



OXFORD UNIVERSITY SENIORS' TRIALS: PETHER'S v. EAGAR'S

Our cricket season opened in weather that was more fit for snowballing than hitting a cricket ball at University Parks. The pundits say that they have got the goods at Oxford. Scores: S. Pether's—288 (G. Evans 75; retired), and 205 for 4 (D. P. G. Elliot 57); and E. D. R. Eagar's—226 (the skipper 74); match drawn

The names in the group are: (l. to r., back) R. M. England, J. D. Lewis, M. N. Austin, D. P. G. Elliot, E. Tucker; (middle) G. Evans, J. F. H. Andrews, J. T. Bailward, S. J. M. Mills, D. F. G. Walker, A. K. Sharp, P. H. Blagg, L. E. McLean; (front) J. O. Hodge, J. M. Connaughton, J. B. Guy, E. D. R. Eagar, S. Pether, W. R. H. Joynson, G. R. de Soysa and C. L. Edgson

in great earnestness, because I think it is a good one and quite workable.

There is an odds-on chance of peace for at least fifty years, perhaps longer, at a price. The world once had to put up with a Hundred Years' War. Would not a peace for half that period be worth the price of about nine months' merry hell from the air? By the end of that time the sea would be as clear as crystal. The real job which has got to be done would then start, and the betting would be something like 10-to-1 on the striker.



THE COMING-OF-AGE OF THE MASTER OF FORBES

A group of the house-party at Castle Forbes for the recent coming-of-age of the heir, the Hon. Nigel Ivan Forbes, seen on right in front with Lord and Lady Forbes. The others included in the picture are Lady Forbes-Sempill, the Hon. Margaret Forbes-Sempill, Sir Ian and Lady Forbes-Leith of Fyvie, Captain and Mrs. Forbes, of Corse, Captain and Mrs. Lumsden, of Clova, and Sir Allan and Lady MacLean



THE WEDDING OF LORD BRACKLEY AND LADY DIANA PERCY

A pleasant incident at the Duchess of Northumberland's reception at Syon House, Brentford, after the wedding in Westminster Abbey. The honoured guest shaking hands with the bridegroom is eighty-one-years-old Mrs. Polly Donkin, the Cullercoats fisherwoman. The bridegroom is the only son of Lord and Lady Ellesmere, and the bride the younger daughter of the Duchess of Northumberland and of the late Duke of Northumberland

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

SHE went shopping in the car, and took her little girl with her. They were going along in town, when the child said: "Mummy, where are all the dirty dogs and swine this morning?"

Her mother smiled knowingly. "They only come out when your father's driving," she said.

* * *

The soft-voiced man walked into a lunch-room where the counter-man was a trifle hard of hearing.

"Rice pudding," said the customer.

"What's that?" asked the counterman.

"Rice pudding," repeated the customer.

The other cupped a hand to his ear. "Sorry," he apologised, "I didn't hear you."

A stevedore, sitting at the end of the counter, grew annoyed. "Listen, tin ears!" he shouted. "The guy says he wants an order of rice pudding."

The counterman excused himself, and hurried over to the longshoreman. "Did you call me?" he asked.

The stevedore bellowed. "Yes," he cried. "I told you to give that guy a plate of rice pudding and get it over with."

The deaf one's eyes narrowed. "Look here, you," he growled. "Are you trying to tell my customers what they should eat?"

* * *

"Is Mr. Jones in?" asked the caller.

"Yes, he is," admitted the lady of the house.

"That's grand," said the visitor. "Perhaps I can collect the money he owes me?"

"You'll be lucky," replied Mrs. Jones, with a scornful smile. "If my husband had any money, he wouldn't be in."

* * *

A man was walking by the side of a stream when he saw a bowler hat floating on the water. Every now and then the hat would rise, and a red face underneath would take a deep breath and then disappear again.

The man followed the hat for about half a mile. Every time the hat rose the face underneath got redder and redder. Presently the man called out: "I say: can I help you?"

"No, it's all right," said the red face. "I'm on a bicycle."

* * *

The parson had a reputation for elaborating details at some length in his sermons. The sexton had been laying a new carpet on the pulpit floor, and had left a number of tacks scattered about.

"Look here, James," said the parson, pointing to the tacks, "what do you suppose would happen if I stepped on one of those tacks right in the middle of my sermon?"

"Well, sir," replied the sexton, "I reckon there'd be one point you wouldn't linger on."



Stage Photo Co.

JOYCE GRENFELL, APPEARING IN FARJEON'S
"LITTLE REVUE."

This very clever and witty revue, which is drawing all London to the Little Theatre, has as one of its leads Joyce Grenfell, who, up till now, has never appeared on the stage. She owes her good fortune to Herbert Farjeon, who met her at a party and immediately offered her a part, and she has made a great and instantaneous success. She contributes two turns of her own composition, which are quite the best items in the programme



Tunbridge

JUDY SHIRLEY

The attractive and well-known radio star who made a great success as the first singing commère in the B.B.C. serial "Monday Night at Seven." Miss Shirley is now appearing in variety with her own act

It was Sunday afternoon; she was knitting on the sofa, he was reading and dozing in the armchair.

"John, have you thought of the canary?"

"Yes."

"Have you fed him?"

"No."

"Have you given him water?"

"No."

"Then what have you done?"

"Thought of him."

* * *

A lady motorist was charged with leaving her car unattended outside a large store.

"But I only slipped in to buy a colander," she protested to the magistrate.

"I'm sorry, madam," replied the magistrate, "but I'm afraid your alibi will not hold water. Fined two pounds."

* * *

"Do you know who I am?" asked the elderly lady of her chauffeur's little son.

"Yes, I know all right," replied the small boy. "You're the old lady that runs about in my daddy's car."

* * *

"And has the coming of the radio helped ranch life?" asked the visitor to the ranch out West.

"I'll say it has," was the reply.

"Why, we learn a new cowboy song every night, and say, we've found out that the dialect us fellers have used fer years is all wrong."



Stately, classic June bride in frosty-white duchess satin and tulle nimbus. Dress with lovely simple lines and long, long, frill edged train. From the Model Gown Salon for 21 Gns.

Harrods Bouquet of Stephanotis, Laps and Pelargoniums.

POLO NOTES By "SERREFILE"

BEFORE proceeding to the appointed job of trying to bring any such information about polo 1939 as may be available up to date, I think it will be voicing the sympathy of everyone connected with this game to say how shocked we are to learn that Major N. W. Leaf's illness is considered so serious. The word used to me is "grave." I sincerely trust that this is not so: but any form of blood-poisoning is not describable as a light matter. It is also desirable, so I think, to dispel any idle gossip to the effect that his resignation of his position as Master of the Horse to our International team is due to a "row." This kind of idle rumour seems to be peculiarly prolific whenever we have any International polo adventure afoot, and it is regrettable in the highest degree that this should be so: yet so it is.

Major Leaf was the best man for the job that could possibly have been found: popular with everyone, and as an ex-15th Hussar, extremely well qualified. Quite apart from being a player a bit above regimental class, he has a first-rate knowledge of what is called horsemastership. That, shortly put, is the art of "catching your foxes in the kennel." It is of not much use being a first-class huntsman and a good enough horseman to get to your hounds over any country, unless you have taken the trouble to see that you have some hounds to which to get. The same thing applies with tremendous force to polo. You might collect a team of absolute centaurs, but it would be no more good than a sick headache if you sent it out on bad ponies, or even good ones that had been badly done. Personally, I feel that Major Leaf's illness



POLO STARTS AT OXFORD

Some of the members of the O.U.P.C. at the University ground at Port Meadow. Left to right: Mr. Ian Farquhar, Mr. W. Freund, Mr. P. Profumo, who is Master of the Drag, and Mr. Gavin Astor, who is the eldest son of Major the Hon. John and Lady Violet Astor



ALSO AT OXFORD: MR. D. F. LITTLE AND MR. E. P. MARSDEN

Another camera capture at Port Meadow. Mr. Marsden is the captain of the O.U.P.C., but neither he nor Mr. Little were in last year's winning team



LIEUT.-COLONEL H. A. B. JOHNSON AND LORD HAIG

Also at Port Meadow the day Oxford started practice in wintry weather. Lord Haig, let us hope, will follow in his father's footsteps where polo is concerned. The late F.-M. was in that good 7th Hussar team of the 'nineties and very first class at that

is an irreparable loss. He knew, and you cannot find the chap who does hanging upon every bush. The real artists are very few and far between. All we can do is to wish him a speedy recovery and tender our sincerest sympathy to Mrs. Leaf in a time of great anxiety.

So far we have not had much of the luck that

to do this very difficult work on top of their own. There are one or two other people who could do it, and do it well, but the ones of whom I am thinking are all serving soldiers or a serving sailor, and would not be let off the chain at a moment like this on any account. All their noses are being kept very hard to the grindstone because of the antics of Menelaus, Julius Caesar, Hannibal and Horatius Cocles. No sailor or soldier is going to be allowed much playtime for polo or anything else until we know which cat is going to jump first—and where. Captain Kingscote is not a serving soldier at the moment, but, like most other people who are "chemically" fit as Vi Loraine once said, quite ready to turn-to if it has got to come to a scrap. Maurice Kingscote is the only man ready to hand, and someone must go, for we may have time to beat America before we start laying some others out for dead. Quite seriously, I suggest that we must have a Master of the Horse, and at once.

It is also good to know that Mr. Gerald Balding believes that we have "the best team we have been able to put out since I have been connected with the game." The 1936 team was very nearly good enough and did not have all the

(Continued on page x.)



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LAWN TENNIS + By GODFREY WINN

NO one has suggested yet that some of our leading players should try the gland cure. I can't think why. Footballers are notoriously tough guys, yet out of all the teams, trained to the last pass, the two that survived as far as Wembley were the only ones that had been made capsule-conscious. Isn't there a moral there for other sports? Far be it for a humble rabbit like myself to get involved in a controversy that has been lately whistling round the ears of wolves, but all the same I can't help feeling that I am in a better position than most writers, sporting or otherwise, to make a statement on the subject, since I, too, have been a gland boy for nearly a year now. Well, I am not suggesting that the treatment has taken fifteen off my tennis handicap, for the simple reason that I have been too pressed by work and weekly appearances on propaganda platforms to have played even fifteen times in the last six months, but, at the same time, I would say, on oath in a witness-box, that the injections that I have been receiving from a famous doctor have absolutely revolutionised my well-being. A year ago, through the increasing pressure of life, I was in such a state of nerves I shivered every time the telephone rang. Now I leap out of bed every morning to do my daily dozen to the sound of the gramophone; I sleep the second I turn in at night; I smile upon my enemies; I was able to keep utterly calm when interviewed by the income tax authorities; and even the eternal talk about the dictators' next move—Poland, the Mediterranean, the Canary Islands, where, where is it to be?—cannot upset the equanimity of my newly-injected temperament. If war comes we are all in the same boat. So what...?

Just this: I take no credit for my new courage to face all comers at all times, my new energy that enables me to do twice as much work as a year ago, and still feel gland to be alive. But, naturally, I can't help being amazed at each new proof of this scientific metamorphosis. I can't help feeling warmly grateful to the profession that provides the magicians of the modern world; and, most of all, I can't help wondering, again and again, just how many striking and revolutionary changes such treatment, administered in the right doses to the right patients, is going to cause in other branches of living.

For instance, take the tennis world. A poorly lot, to use the politest phrase. There's hardly a player whose physique would make him a welcome recruit in the Guards, while as for their brains, well, would the regulars go on turning out, week after week, year after year, making the same remark in the same changing-rooms, if they had the brains to look ahead and visualise their future that is already behind them? The few with brains get out. I played with one last week. He came straight from the hospital where he works all day and many nights, and his eye was so out, I beat him comfortably. Did he, who once had been in the ranking list, care? Of course not. He has found his true vocation. The days when he travelled all over the world at the expense of the L.T.A. are over, and can never return. He has no desire that they should. That was fun. This is life, and he is getting on with the job. That is why he could afford to laugh when I nosed out in straight sets in our friendly single. Afterwards I suggested that it must be the glands, but I did not suggest that he, in his turn, should ask a *confrère* to wave a magician's needle over his own arm. There is no need, because he has escaped from Cloud Cuckoo Land.

But what of the others? The ones who live for tennis and deliberately, stupidly shut out all knowledge of the outside world. If they were only twice the players they really are their futility would not be so apparent or so painful. The real champion has a *status quo*. You accept his right to a place

in the sun. But these half-and-halves—these promising players who, like the Campbells, never quite arrive, what might not the gland treatment do for them? As it is, they are too prone to weep impotent tears everytime they lose a match



Stuart

SMASH HIT

Laurence Shaffi in action in the final of the men's singles at Brighton, which he won by persistent fighting after being two sets down to R. A. Shayer. Though he has never been ranked, Shaffi has been chosen to play for Great Britain in the Davis Cup tie against New Zealand, which starts to-morrow, May 11, at the Sussex County Club



BAGATELLE REOPENS

Mme. Caron-Colbert, who has often played at Wimbledon, in a big party at a spotlit Paris rendezvous with MM. Brugnon and Borotra, famed tennis partners and friends in "real life." J. Brugnon is not so long back from a successful attack on the Egyptian Championships, playing with a new American prodigy, McNeill

in the case of two of the hopefuls—well, at least we would have a Davis Cup team once more that is worthy of the name and worthy of the tradition that held the Cup for four years, thanks to the efforts of two giants. While the least it could do for them all is to clean up their nasal catarrh, contracted through playing too many matches in the rain; and who knows, at the same time improve their accents and their vocabularies out of all recognition. After all, didn't the Pompey boys admit, with wonder and delight, when they were training at Bognor the week before the Cup Final, that now, thanks to etc., etc., they were not only able to *finish* their cross-word puzzles, but could do so in half the time! Just think of that! Just think what would happen if our leading male tennis players began to think out each rally before it started—think consecutively and coherently throughout the course of every match, in the way that the exceptions, like Eric Peters, do. Why, with his brain-power and their stroke-production Austin would have to look out if he is to keep his place as No. 1 in the ranking list. (When is he returning from America? In good time, I hope, to get into training for Wimbledon. It will be this year or never for him, and he richly deserves to wear the crown of champion once before he retires.)

As for the girls... would it make them less angular, both in mind and body, if they submitted themselves to a glandular treatment? Well, here I am rather more apprehensive. Most of them have too much energy already on the court, and

(Continued on page 284)

THE MODERN WOMAN — ELIZABETH ARDEN'S MASTERPIECE



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Beauty may travel light or with a posse of cabin trunks: wherever she goes you'll find a Beauty Box at her side—a treasure chest of beauty planned for her especially by Elizabeth Arden.

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In the morning, before it was fully light, a group of men came down to a sandy cove and collected many casks which had been washed up there

SMUGGLERS, BEWARE!

By

JOHN DARRY

CAPTAIN SILAS knew that the possibilities of smuggling in Britain were now limited. He was convinced, however, that the system of coast-watching employed was not entirely foolproof. There was a great deal, he maintained, in choosing one's time and place.

With this principle in mind, he spent a whole month one summer in touring small fishing villages in Cornwall and Wales. A Cornish village called Trepetrick most attracted him. It had a general air of disrepute. In the narrow, cobbled streets burly, dirty men, who seemed incongruously idle and well-nourished, scowled at strangers. In the tap-rooms of the inns and by the harbour little groups might be observed, conversing in low whispers.

The village constable had rather a shy manner and devoted his professional attention almost entirely to the trippers who came to Trepetrick in charabancs at the week-ends. On such occasions the whispering groups of men would somehow melt away. No villagers would be seen at the inns, and the harbour would be deserted. It was also noticeable that there were very few houses or farms in the district where one could put up for any length of time.

In Trepetrick, Captain Silas recognised the opportunity for which he had been searching. He was convinced that the majority of the villagers were knaves. Surely there must be talent here that would lend itself to his designs! He had at first regretted not launching his enterprise on the east coast. There was more of his sort of work done there. But now he saw matters were going to be very simple. Bill Jones, who had come through many scrapes with him, had got on extremely well with the people on the Brittany coast. Jones and he would do all the nautical work themselves. As for shore operations, the Brittany side was fixed up; it only remained to set things on a business footing in Trepetrick. Accordingly, Captain Silas struck up an acquaintance with a tall, broad-shouldered Cornishman called Pollet.

(Continued on page 278)

The Good-night Drink

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research workers. Every conceivable test has been conducted—nerve tests, blood tests, nutritional tests, etc.—and many have been carried out in Hospitals and Sanatoria. In every case the results prove the great advantages of the composition of 'Ovaltine.' If it were possible to make 'Ovaltine' better, this would be done. It is, however, impossible to improve the qualities and beneficial properties of 'Ovaltine.' It stands in a class by itself.

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P.440A

SMUGGLERS BEWARE !—(Continued from page 276)

Pollet like many others in Trepetrick, had no visible means of support, and yet presented a permanent air of well-being. He dressed, like a fisherman, in a heavy blue jersey, and, no doubt, he would have called himself a fisherman if any stranger had enquired as to his occupation. Captain Silas, however, was convinced that here was a man suited to his purpose.

He sat with Pollet in the ancient tap-room of "The Ship" one evening, and, being quite sure by now that they understood one another, he observed: "I want a light up on those cliffs when I run the stuff in—that's all. Bill and I have got a seaworthy little craft—only a ten-ton ketch fitted with power—but she's got plenty of cabin room. That's the main thing. You don't want a battleship for getting in among those rocks."

Pollet nodded his head slowly. He had a dark complexion, and his face never relaxed its saturnine expression.

"What are your terms?" he enquired.

"Five per cent.," said Captain Silas.

Neither Pollet's expression nor his tone changed: "It's an insult."

"Ten," shrugged Captain Silas.

Pollet rubbed his bristly blue chin: "Fifteen."

"H'm!" said Captain Silas. "Very well, make it fifteen, then." He was delighted. He never expected anything as cheap as that. But what chance had these villagers against a man of the world like himself when it came to striking a bargain?

A few days later, when the details had been thoroughly gone into, Captain Silas joined Bill Jones at a south-coast seaside resort, where the little ketch, called "The Rascal," awaited him, ostensibly bound on a pleasure cruise. They weighed anchor that night and made Brittany about twenty-four hours later. The conditions were ideal for getting the

more business sense. Fifteen per cent.! Fancy letting a fellow get away with a deal like that! Captain Silas smiled sardonically to himself.

He now called out: "Here, Bill, in with that jib and get the motor started. We'll run in under power."

Bill went swiftly about his business. Captain Silas stared out through the rain and dense darkness to the pin-point of light on the cliff. There was a heavy sea, and he was anxious. He kept his eyes fixed on the light. Bill had soon carried out his instructions, and they were chugging quietly in under the cliff. The moment that the cliff edge hid the light from view Captain Silas would bring "The Rascal's" head sharply round to port, for there was a narrow channel dividing a jutting piece of cliff from the rest, making of it, in fact, a small island. He had reconnoitred and chosen the place himself.

The light suddenly dipped into blackness. Captain Silas swung the wheel. Next moment Bill yelled. A dark mass



Photos.: Poole, Dublin

AT THE KILDARE HUNT BALL

Lord and Lady Maitland and Lord and Lady Carew at that famous spot, the Gresham, in Dublin, where the Kildare had this quite super party. Lord Maitland is the son and heir of the Earl of Lauderdale and Lady Carew is his sister. Castletown, Lord Carew's seat at Celbridge, in Kildare, is the largest private house in all Ireland

**SOME OTHERS AT THE KILDARE BALL**

The names, telling off from the left of the picture are Miss Dédé Hornby, Mr. Percy W. Hope-Johnstone, son of Mr. "Wenty" Hope-Johnstone, a former very famous Master of the Westmeath, and Lady Milton, Lord Fitzwilliam's pretty daughter-in-law, the former Miss Olive Plunket

stuff aboard. The sky was overcast and there was not so much as a star to be seen, but Captain Silas realised that a gale was coming up.

He was impatient, however, and every hour of waiting added to the risk. They sailed out at the first opportunity. The gale struck them that night in mid-channel, and they fought it till dawn. There followed a grey morning of driving wind and rain. But, despite everything, they looked like reaching Trepetrick on the night arranged. Captain Silas had allowed for the chance of a gale. About midnight they sailed in gingerly, straining their eyes towards the cliffs. They saw Pollet's light. It was cunningly placed and could not have been seen from most angles. Captain Silas reflected that, after all, these villagers were sound as regards the technical side of things. It was a pity, for their sakes, that they had no

loomed straight ahead of them and the din of breaking surf was in their ears. Captain Silas threw all his weight on the wheel, but "The Rascal" could not possibly come about in time. Next moment the keel grated. The ketch gave a shudder and a jerk that nearly sent them both overboard and stuck fast. As they clung desperately, Captain Silas to the wheel, Bill to the rigging, a great roller piled up on top of them with a crash, sending a cloud of spray.

A moment later, as they gasped for breath, they saw that the jib was gone. Then, before they could speak or think, another wave broke on them. It carried away the mainmast and crushed-in the gunwale. The ketch had listed over at a crazy angle with the first impact, but she was now fast on the rocks, held as in a vice to take the full buffeting of the Atlantic rollers. "It's no use!" shouted Captain Silas, spitting salt water; "she'll be broken to splinters. Swim for it!"

In the morning, before it was fully light, a group of men, headed by Pollet, came down to a sandy cove opposite the island and collected many casks which, together with fragments of plank and rigging, had been washed up there. They ignored the frantic signals of the two men on the island, and, working swiftly, in a very short time had their spoil—almost a complete cargo—hidden under a waggon-load of hay and driven at a leisurely rate to a farm-house not far distant.

As Pollet drove the waggon into an enclosed yard, the farmer hurried out to meet him, looking up enquiringly.

Pollet merely nodded. The farmer beamed: "I reckon you fixed that light pretty well, Mr. Pollet."

"Well enough," said Pollet drily. "A few yards makes all the difference. Send a boat over to take those two fools off the island. And see that they clear out before the coast-watchers start asking questions." Which was done.

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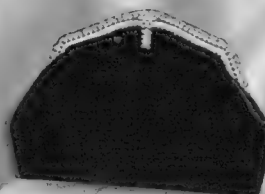
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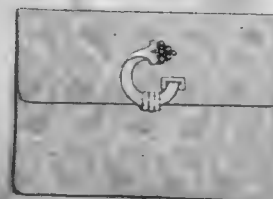
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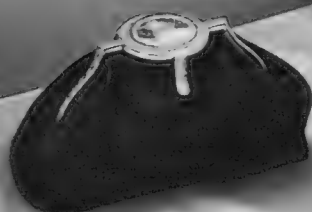
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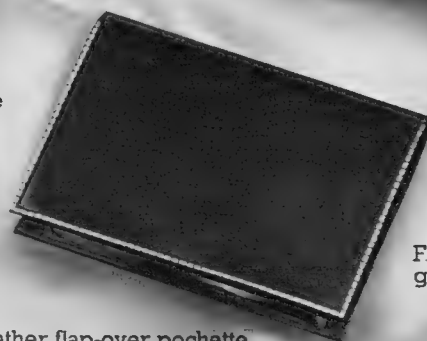


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Black Suede, laced with calf
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AIR EDDIES + By OLIVER STEWART

Headlines for Air Lines.

AIR transport, just like political Europe, and for the same reason, is waiting. It is now ready and able to do great things; to connect up countries and continents and to provide for a free flow backwards and forwards of goods and people. But while the dictators preach parochialism and a sort of super-racial standoffishness; while Aryan travel remains the antithesis of aerial travel, commercial flying must be content to tick over and reserve its power. If the day should come, however, when passports and the whole paraphernalia of identification papers are consigned to the place they ought to be—the inside of a furnace—air transport would leap forward in value and make international intercourse so easy that even the buxom blondes of Berlin might finally fraternise with the rips of Russia! It would be a great day, and let us hope it may yet come.

Air travel's potential is well expressed in the facts and figures contained in some notes I have just been looking through covering the whole period of the existence of the British company, Imperial Airways. For the year ending March 1925, 853,042 miles were flown; in the year ending March 1938, 6,223,968 miles were flown. Traffic ton mileage went up from 391,032 to 8,353,618. Up to March 31 of the present year Imperial Airways aircraft have flown more than 40 million miles. With the aircraft of its subsidiary and associated companies the machines of



PRINCESS SYBILLE OF SWEDEN
WITH ROLF VON BAHR

Princess Sybille of Sweden is the former Princess Sybille of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, and was married to her second cousin, H.R.H. Prince Gustaf Adolf, in 1932. Her husband, son of the Crown Prince of Sweden, is a grandson of the Duke of Connaught, who has just celebrated his eighty-ninth birthday. Rolf von Bahr is the famous Swedish autogiro pilot



Harlip

MR. AND MRS. RICHARD FAIREY

A new portrait of the eldest son and daughter-in-law of Mr. C. R. Fairey, the chairman and managing director of the Fairey Aviation Co., and one of the pioneers of flying. Mrs. Fairey was formerly Aino Bergo, the Swedish opera singer and film actress

Imperial Airways are now flying more than 30,000 miles a day.

Distribution.

Those are impressive figures. Equally satisfactory are the figures showing the subsidy; for the British company has done extremely well in the matter of reducing the subsidy paid per ton mile. But many people, when relating the British performance in this to the

performances of other countries are apt to fall into a slight error. It is to compare the United States air mail contract payments with the British direct subsidy. The two are not alike, however, and are not, therefore, comparable. The British company also gets air mail contracts, and these should not be confused with direct subvention. Actually, I doubt very much whether any sort of case could be made for the contention that American lines have been "subsidised." A postal service may decide that it is worth sending certain mails by air even at a loss; but that is not a subsidy to the company that carries the mails. So I distrust these comparisons between the subsidies paid in the various countries.

Paris Fair.

In all this air transport business Paris has played a pre-dominant part. It gave the first lines a spring-board for starting their services, because there is always a big flow of people to Paris, and the advantage of being able to go all the way without change of vehicle—quite apart from any time-saving—was soon appreciated. To-day Paris remains the fulcrum of all European air transport operations, and air-line operators ought to give eternal thanks to that city for providing a lively contrast to the squalor, smugness and suppression of London and so coaxing people to travel. And, by the way, this very week—on May 13—the Paris Fair opens. Although the word "fair" is derived through the French from the Latin word meaning a holiday, the original purpose of fairs was commercial: the bringing together at a convenient spot of buyers and sellers. The Paris Fair still has this commercial basis, but it is also a holiday and it opens the Paris season.

(Continued on page ii)



AIR-MARSHAL BALBO WITH HIS LITTLE SON

Photographed in the lovely grounds of his palace in Tripoli. Air-Marshal Balbo has been Governor-General of Libya since 1933. He has one son, obviously a sportsman in miniature, and two daughters. It is earnestly to be hoped, in spite of the present somewhat ominous tension, that the very long established bonds of friendship between his country and ours will never snap

This England . . .



From the Purbeck Hills

THERE is much nonsense written—and repeated alas—comparing the “ale of Old England” with that brewed to-day, to the disfavour of the new. Yet in 1643 Nathaniel Knott complains that “brewers have gotten the art to sophisticate their beer with broom instead of hops, to pickle it with salt water . . .” and there is evidence that for generations many a local vendor played old Harry with “the Englishman’s delight”. (Indeed the poet Baudelaire wrote to Alfred de Vigny so late as the middle of last century warning him against any English beer that did not bear a well-known name). As ever, such practises defeat themselves, and the beer brewed to-day is become as good as the best of olden time. Nay some, like your Worthington, are still of the olden time, having jealously guarded the good repute that was earned so long ago.



PETROL VAPOUR

By W. G. McMINNIES

The Body Beautiful.

THE coach-work competition which concluded the R.A.C. Rally produced a crop of new ideas, shapes and treatments. In the more expensive classes Jack Barclay's Rolls-Royce "Wraith," fitted with James Young coach-work, established a new vogue in fine and formal, as opposed to curving, outline. A Lagonda and Colonel Rippon's Daimler favoured the same fashion, which produces a remarkably smart and exclusive effect, together with a wide-angle driving view owing to the thinness of the wind-screen pillars. Metalised body finishes were in evidence on large and small cars, and looked as smart on the new Wolseley "Tens" as on the two thousand-pounders. This type of finish needs no polish, a wash-leather wipe restoring its sheen after a dirty run. Several new designs of Daimler coachwork created most favourable impressions both on account of their form and comfort. Mrs. Eccles' saloon and a new open tourer in which the rear passengers were as well protected as those in front, marked a practical advance in coach-work. Other cars to win awards for elegant and comfortable bodywork were S.S., with five prizes, Alvis, Austin and Triumph, with two prizes each, and Vauxhall, B.S.A., Hillman, Standard, M.G., Talbot and Riley, with one apiece. Thus British coach-work swept the board and offset the victories of the German Frazer Nash B.M.W.s in the eliminating tests on the previous day.

Overhead View.

While body-designers are concentrating on improving our view ahead, rearward and sideways, let's consider what can be done to give us a better look at things overhead—mountains, trees, searchlight effects, aircraft, street names



H.R.H. THE DUKE OF KENT AT ROOTES' AIRFRAME FACTORY AT LIVERPOOL

His Royal Highness is seen being greeted by Mr. R. C. Rootes on his arrival at Rootes' Government Airframe Factory at Speke, Liverpool, the largest and best equipped in the world, and now in full production of high-speed Bristol "Blenheim" bombers. On the left of the picture are Major Humphrey Butler, Equerry to the Duke of Kent, and Mr. W. E. Rootes, who accompanied His Royal Highness on the flight from Hendon.



IN THE CARLTON BAR, CANNES

The Dogs' Bar, as may be observed, is also in the picture! The names of the humans are Mr. Edward Wassermann, Lady Guernsey, mother of the Earl of Aylesford, who succeeded his grandfather, and Doris Lady Orr-Lewis, formerly the wife of Sir Duncan Orr-Lewis



LADY MARY GROSVENOR IN HER NEW RILEY

The picture was taken at the Crystal Palace course, where the Duke of Westminster's younger daughter was racing her new acquisition. She also took part in this car in the recent R.A.C. Rally at Brighton. The two people in the background were not named in the record

and signposts, to name a few. Of course, the sunshine roof is one answer, but at best it's only a skylight, with limited vision. Too often it necessitates a large blind space above the top of the windscreen, which bars the forward and upward view of front and back passengers. In one of the new Morris "Eights" which I tried recently this blind space had been cleverly reduced, and the consequent gain in airiness, light and view was most agreeable.

Roofs, Removable and Folding.

Some years ago I seem to remember the Burlington Carriage Company, which was associated with Armstrong Siddeley's, putting out a saloon body from which the lid of the roof could be removed complete, so as to convert the car into an open tourer. I forget what one was supposed to do with the lid. Since then the two and four-seater coupé type has been developed successfully, even on small and inexpensive cars, like the Hillman "Minx," where the ensemble is both attractive and practical. Two newcomers to this style are the Ford

"Prefect" coupé, and the Fiat "500" four-seater, priced £185 and £133 respectively. In both cases three hood positions are possible, fully open, fully closed, and furled half-way, so as to cover the rear seat only. And at the R.A.C. Rally a special coupé body appeared on a Wolseley "Ten."

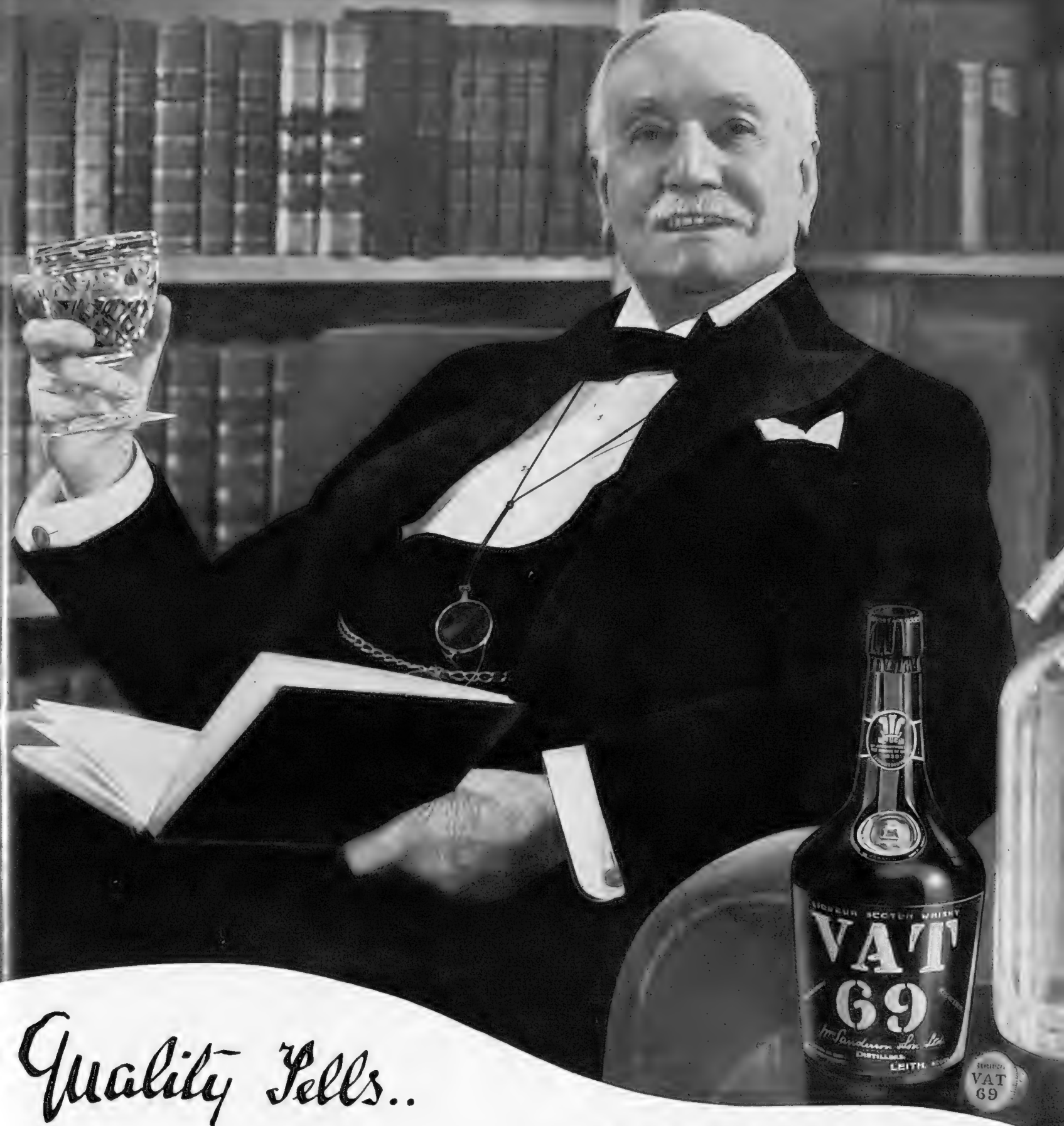
And Possibly Transparent?

These coupés provide open-car effects for fresh-air fiends. To achieve the same facilities plus saloon comforts the only solution appears to be a transparent roof fitted with interior blinds or curtains. A material like toughened Triplex or Perspex would do the job admirably. Already it has been employed for making the ordinary type of sliding roof transparent, and, as it can be curved, the appearance of the roof-line need be no less graceful than it is to-day. Furthermore, it could be used for filling in the generally blind space above the wind-screen.

Body Tailoring.

In America it is said ninety-five per cent. of cars are trimmed in wool upholstery, which in this country seems to be confined to luxury cars and the seats of railway trains and motor-buses. These potent facts indicate that style, durability, and economy are characteristic qualities of this sort of trimming. And they are the reasons that have inspired the wool-makers of Yorkshire and the wool-growers of Australia, New Zealand and South Africa—which lands, between

(Continued on page 11)



Quality Tells...

and the discriminating palate never fails to discern incomparable quality in the full, suave flavour of Scotland's choicest blend of whisky.

VAT 69

Sanderson's LUXURY BLEND SCOTCH WHISKY

Tennis—(Continued from page 274)

are inclined to overlay their mixed partners. And shrewd brains, too, and sharper tongues. Now, I don't care a plain or a purl if, through glands, their knitting speed is increased on the sideline, but the pace and temper of their tongues, that is another matter. Would the glands make them sweeter about each other, more considerate to the smaller fry and to umpires and tournament managements in general? Or would it have the reverse effect and make them even more predatory and pleased with their prowess than at the present moment? You can never tell with the ladies how they will react. Which reminds me. Have you seen a play called *The Women* yet? You really should. It is brilliant entertainment, and utterly true in every detail of a certain cross-section of society. Not that the actual prototypes will recognize themselves. They never do. But there is one scene in Reno, where two of the characters can't keep up the pretence of being sweet any longer, and start sharpening their claws, letting down their back hair and pummelling each other in the most peculiar places, that jogged my memory of a certain incident that is supposed to have taken place, some years ago now, in the ladies' changing room, during the French championships. Was there a rough house! Was there, indeed! Not that you can believe, of course, everything the ladies tell you. However, I am quite sure that any tennis star will feel quite at home in the audience at the Lyric, even though neither racket nor ball ever appears even for a fleeting instant on the stage. (By the way, what has happened to Big Bill Tilden's comedy that was announced to be in active production? If it is as good as *Golden Boy* was, with a boxing background, it should draw the town, too.)

But let us be fair to the ladies. I would make a bet with any one that the girls at present honoured in our ranking list could hold their own with a similar team from any other country in the world. America may win the Wightman Cup with monotonous frequency, but the quality of her feminine ranking list, taken all in all, is no better than ours, and, personally, I don't think as good, if judged right down to the bottom. Whereas our men, with the exception of Austin, would be very lucky to be ranked in America at all. That is, supposing for the sake of the argument that they suddenly all found themselves to be American citizens. I know that Shayer took Bobby Riggs to five sets in the American Championships, but on his present form it seems a miracle that is scarcely credible, when you think that he could not even beat Mr. Shaffi at Brighton last week. And the puerility of our Davis Cup material is laid bare when the selectors are forced, on current form, to pick this black-haired young man with the nose that will

be the caricaturist's delight for our first tie against New Zealand.

It is true that unless another miracle happens the wrong way round, we shall win that tie, since Cam Malfroy is the only member of his side who can lay any claims to being of championship class. He will have poor support in the doubles, while in the singles Charlie Hare should win both of his singles. And if Shayer plays second string, I can't see how he can lose to Coombe, whom Donald MacPhail defeated comfortably the other day. I am sorry that the latter has not been able quite to make the grade this year. He has been on the brink of big things for so long. It really looked at one moment as though he was bound to win his Davis Cup spurs at last. And the reason why he fell at the post is that he doesn't spur himself quite enough to victory. There is a tide in the affairs of men . . . you know the tag, but have you ever realized how extraordinarily, vitally true it is? MacPhail has a beautiful style, and a canny brain, but he just stops short of the heights, for one reason and one only. His game lacks devil. He doesn't rise to his climaxes with sufficient passion. He doesn't seem to understand that it is now or never.

As for the others in the running—Deloford, Butler, Filby—each has certain virtues to recommend him; each has glaring weaknesses in his make-up. And while the virtues remain static, the defects do not seem to decrease. Take Filby, the most promising of the lot. I saw him last summer on the centre court hold Austin for five sets, and at one point lead him by two sets to one. He played like a coming champion that day. The next time I saw him, after his tour in South Africa, his play was pitiful, all errors and no judgment. Why, why, why? Don't ask me. It is too exasperating. I picked him out when he was sixteen, and commended him to the care of the L.T.A. Eventually, they took him under their wing, but not all the coaching in the world, nor the encouragement, can make a man think for himself or take from experience the lessons vital to his own future—or, above all, concentrate in his weaknesses until they become an ultimate strength. The truth is, Filby lacks imagination; they all lack imagination. Would glandular treatment give them an objective view of themselves and their play? Who knows, it might, though I hadn't thought about it in this case; but for heaven's sake don't let's give any to the reporter who headed his piece about Shaffi's victory at Brighton, "Putney boy is our new Perry," and went on to suggest that the Putney boy would now beat Austin.

"Cor!" as Nathaniel Gubbins's sweep would say. And "Cor" again. I am all for using any legitimate means, glands or otherwise, *pour encourager les autres*, since our men's tennis is in a pretty pathetic state, but such absurd exaggerated praise only defeats its own object.



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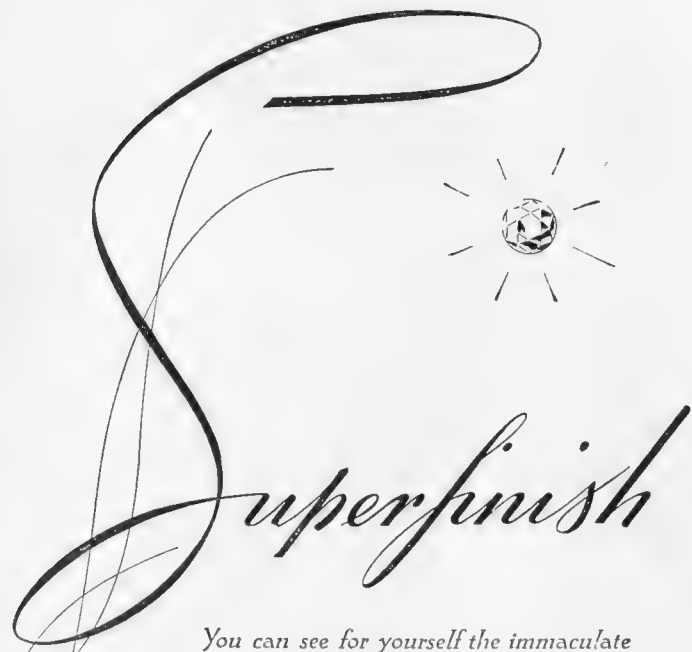
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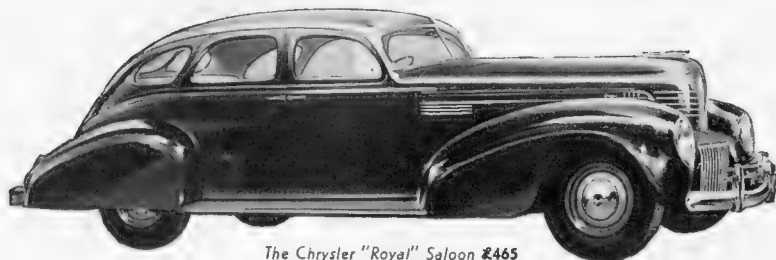
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INSIDE AND OUT



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Chrysler

CHRYSLER MOTORS LIMITED, KEW, SURREY

Petrol Vapour—(Continued from page 282)

they take nearly fifty per cent of the British export in cars, to start a campaign in favour of wool upholstery.

New and attractive patterns and styles have been produced, and are an immense improvement both in feel and appearance to what we used to recognize as cloth upholstery. At a recent show I saw wool-trimmed seats that had done 1,500–20,000 miles' travel, and they looked as neat and clean as new.

Car Bodies' Colouring.

While on the subject which do you think is the most popular colour for a car's bodywork? Black's the answer, at any rate according to the latest Morris figures. They should be reliable in view of the fact that Cowley has been turning out several thousand cars a week for some time, a record in the history of this remarkable concern. After black, which scores 50–60 per cent in popularity, come blue, 16–25 per cent, maroon, 14–18 per cent and green, 7–10 per cent, the figures varying slightly according to whether the car is an eight, ten or twelve h.p. model.

In my opinion nothing looks smarter or in better taste than a well-kept black car. But if one has not the time to keep it highly polished I should prefer a lighter colour which does not show dust or dirt. Some of these new metallized finishes are said to excel in this respect. Not only do they not show the dirt, but for some reason or other they are much more easily cleaned.

Driving by Instruments.

While the facias of some cars are a mass of dials in which their owners take delight and interest, others confine themselves to a few essentials. But what was essential yesterday is not so today. For instance, there is no oil pressure gauge on one of my cars and no ammeter on the other. Nor in a very great mileage has their appearance been missed. I can tell from the running of a car when the oil is low in the sump, and on the one occasion when I ran it without any oil at all owing to a garage having drained the sump and forgotten to refill it, boiling water provided a warning. On the other hand, when testing another car recently I noted after only 200 miles that the oil pressure gauge had ceased to function. Inspection showed a dry dipstick. So I put in ten bob's worth of Castrolite. A few miles later the gauge again ceased to work. An inspection revealed that drops of Wakefield's best had marked the car's trail for the last ten miles. More under-the-car, on-the-back gymnastics revealed that a bolt had fallen out of the crankcase and its absence had provided a means of escape for the oil. So that in this case an oil gauge had served a useful purpose and prevented the engine from being wrecked.

Regarding the absence of an ammeter, here again there would be warning of a run-down battery by weak lamps. But an earlier warning which showed that the dynamo was not charging would enable one to diagnose the trouble before it became serious.

Air Eddies—(Continued from page 280)

This year nearly 4,000,000 square feet of one of the Paris parks, only fifteen minutes from the opera, are devoted to the fair, and 8,500 exhibitors have taken stands. More than 2,000,000 visitors are expected during the fortnight the fair is open. Obviously air transport is the kind to choose for getting there, and I hear that as an added inducement Air France are offering this year a 10 per cent reduction in their fares for the fair.

Split Components.

Like King Charles's head, military aviation will keep butting in even when I am trying to be strictly transport. And it is right that it should butt in on account of its importance for our future safety. So I went out to Cricklewood and Radlett the other day at the time when Captain H. Balfour, Under-Secretary of State for Air and members of the Parliamentary Air Committee, were being shown Mr. Handley Page's ingenious "split component" method of high speed series aircraft production. The Hampden bomber is built by this method which is based on the fact that the greater the number of men that can be concentrated on a given job, the higher the speed of output. Getting many men on to a job in aircraft construction is difficult because the parts are relatively small and the space around them restricted. So the Handley Page method is to slice up the main components, usually in a lengthwise direction, and to build the strips separately. The fuselage, for instance, is sliced lengthwise with the result that several men can be ranged along each strip, working on it without getting in each other's way.

After the inspection of the works there was some good flying at Radlett by Captain Cordes and Mr. J. R. Talbot, the company's test pilots, and also by some Royal Air Force pilots. The excellent powers of manœuvre of the machine were shown and its wide speed range. Incidentally it is the Hampden bomber that is being built in Canada, and the finished machines will be flown to England across the Atlantic.



Finely upholstered in pigskin hide, with woodwork carried out in walnut and embellished with every accessory to comfort, the interior possesses that particular charm only associated with the high grade car.



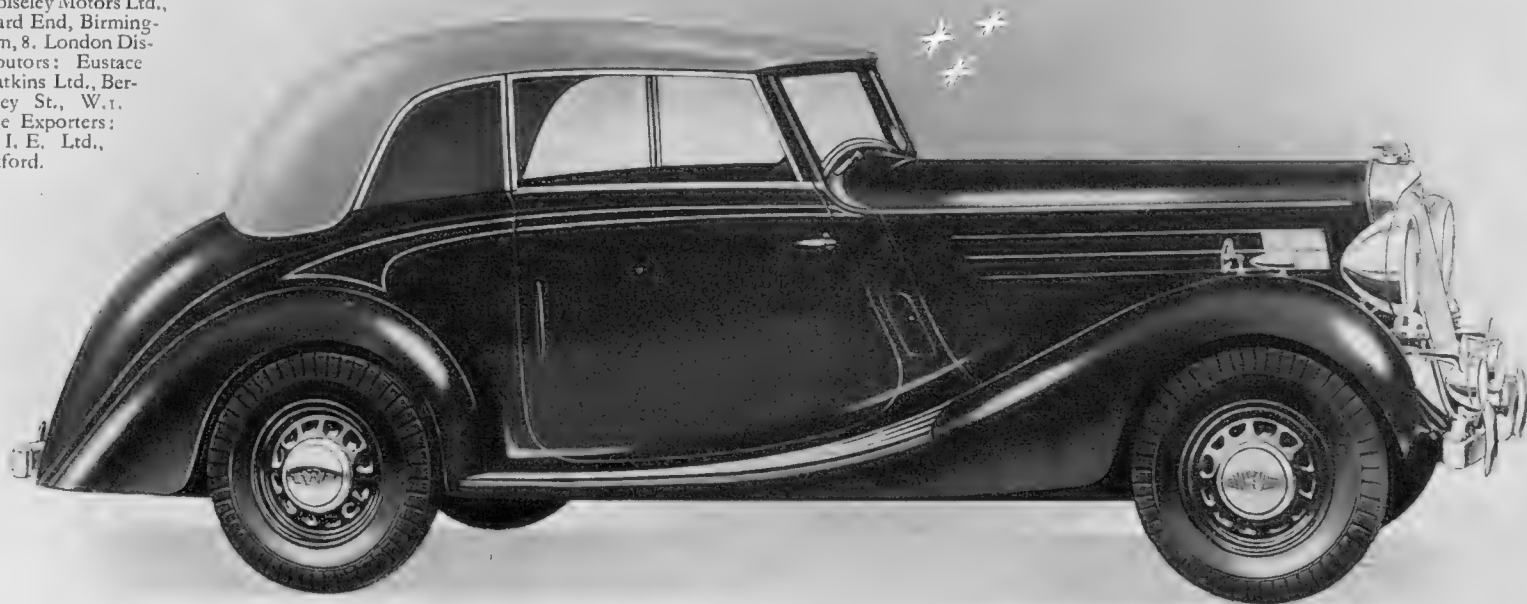
A novel feature is the winding quarter light which swings down flush into the body side. The control is noticeably easy to operate.

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BUY WISELY BUY **WOLSELEY**



AS every woman needs something that is simple, inexpensive and practical, Gorrings have contributed to this page the jumper suit below in a variety of pastel shades, including meadow sweet and cyclamen. By the way, there are real sports pullovers with high collars from a guinea. Neither must it be overlooked that there are Braemar pull-overs and cardigans of pure cashmere with tailored skirts to match



WHEN grapefruit bloom and thorn apple green are united, as in the suit above, a woman is justified in feeling well dressed. It has gone into residence in the Sportswear Department at Gorrings, in the Buckingham Palace Road. The coat and skirt are of that exquisite shade of grapefruit bloom, and although they are knitted they are endowed with a tailored aspect. The former is lined with crêpe de Chine dyed to match the jumper. Now the jumper is of fancy angora; it buttons through, which is an immense advantage. The cost of the outfit is eleven and a half guineas, which is a pleasant price

Pictures by Blake



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THINGS are not always what they seem, hence it comes as no surprise that the pictures on this page are of Yolande nighties and not evening frocks. They may be seen at Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge. There is an old-world atmosphere about the model on the left, although it is the latest recruit in the lingerie world. It is of crêpe de Chine, hand made and embroidered. It costs 39s. 6d. Important features are the peter pan collar and long sleeves

THE nightdress on the right above also bears the name of Yolande. It is carried out in rich satin, trimmed with motifs of lace. A new note is struck by the satin ribbon drapery in the vicinity of the waistline. Then it must be mentioned that the cost is 55s. 9d., while the one below is 59s. 6d., and is also of satin. The simulated sash at the waist is emphasized with delicate stitchery in the form of diamonds. There are other Yolande nightdresses priced from 29s. 6d.

THE house coat has come to stay, and nowhere is there a more comprehensive collection than at Harvey Nichols. There are simple cotton affairs in rose print designs, checked, and floral for 18s. 9d., and those of seersucker for 29s. 6d. Rather more expensive (63s.) are those carried out in black and white shepherds plaid. Again, there are lively models of lamé, broché and taffeta, some of which are twenty guineas. Many of them are built on graceful lines



Pictures by Blake



Pleats... are the fashion news this spring

A delightful town coat in fine navy wool, lined throughout showing clever introduction of the fashionable pleating. In black, navy and a few good pastel shades. $11\frac{1}{2}$ gns. Mushroom felt hat to match or contrast, 49/6

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IN TOP GEAR

TRAVEL and sporting coats which bear the name of Rodex are admirably cut, tailored, and endowed with an air of distinction. To put the matter in a nutshell they are as good as coats can be. Another point in their favour is that they are made by British people, and sold practically everywhere. Should difficulty be experienced in obtaining them application must be made to W. O. Peake, 21 Hanover Street, who will send the name and address of their agents. The materials used for the Rodex coats are Gorslan Scotch tweed, pure camel hair or cashmere, and Shetland tweed

IT is Gorslan tweed which makes the Rodex coat on the left, a Scotch tweed in which the colourings are exquisitely blended. Scotch tweed makes the black and white striped model on the right. Note how cleverly it silhouettes the figure. As will be seen the line of both these coats is excellent, and what is so important today is that it has a slimming effect. A fact that cannot be made too widely known is that there are also Rodex coats for men; they have a world-wide reputation

Picture by Blake



YOU ask, am I enjoying the play? My dear, I'm too weary to know if it's a comedy or a tragedy. Bringing out a girl is something more than I had reckoned on. Tonight we go on to the Berwick's dance . . . and tomorrow there is the Caxton child's coming-out ball . . . Thursday little Moira's party. My face goes stiff with fatigue by one o'clock night after night. Now, you're lucky, you never seem to show it—no lines, no frown, no sag.

Oh come, Helen, you don't sag.

I feel as if even my eyebrows sagged by supper-time. But you . . . oh, well, it's just vitality, I suppose, something inborn. Just as you never get that dowager hump at the back of your neck that I'm getting, or the droop of the mouth.

Nonsense, Helen, nothing of the kind is inborn. Nor is it even natural vitality, because you know I've always suffered from low blood pressure. It is just taking care, building up resistance against tiredness and ageing.

What, do you take a cure? And where? When do you ever get time to leave town?

My cure is at my door. I take it once and then go back for "refreshers" just whenever I face any particular strain. Come with me next time I go to Josephine Kell's, and after that you'll know whether you are enjoying a play or not; you'll revel in being the mother of a popular deb. and you'll even enjoy the ball supper of a coming-out dance. More than that I cannot say!

Josephine Kell herself will explain to you her treatment in detail any time you care to make an appointment. Her telephone number is Regent 2320. Her address :

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—she makes women beautiful

Have you tried Madame Kell's No. 5 treatment—at one guinea—with her own massage routine and her own specially prepared creams?

Polo Notes—(Continued from page 272)

luck or the chances it deserved. We believe that we are better organized behind the fighting line than we were then. Mr. Balding considered that our organization in 1936 was conspicuous only by its absence. He wrote a very straight-from-the-shoulder article about it, and it was published in the September 1936 issue of the American paper *Town and Country*. Amongst other things, after speaking of the good staff work in the American team, he said that "things on the British side were getting disorganized" . . . "the English team going into the greatest polo battle of the year met only once to discuss plays and plans and the pony situation was left entirely to each individual" . . . "Humphrey Guinness's pony stopped to a walk and gave away two precious goals, leaving us on the short end of a ten to seven score" . . . "one bad pony (plus, as I add myself, a very peculiar decision about a foul) had cost us a great chance of victory." . . . "Taking the two games through-out we, as a team, weren't so well mounted as the Americans, but on the general run of play America was the better team, and would have been unlucky to lose either game."

That is what our star of 1936 thought then. And I am sure that he was right. If Mr. Balding is satisfied that we have a better team than we had in 1934 and if the ponies are better and the organization better, then we may squeak through.

But we do not know for certain whom it has been decided to play and I do not suppose for one

moment that we shall do so until the winding-up gallops have taken place at Meadowbrook. The latest from the front is that the team may be like this: Mr. A. Skene (7), No. 1; Mr. Aidan Roark (8), No. 2; Mr. Gerald Balding (10), No. 3; and Mr. E. H. Tyrrell-Martin (8), back: total goal value, 33 goals. It is more than likely that we may have to meet a thirty-nine goal American side, and although we cannot work this thing out by arithmetic, figures *is* figures, and we know, without being told, that when an American has a figure after his name it means something very definite and is not put there just for fun. The American side of 1936 did not include one Cecil Smith (10). The 1939 side will. I gather they are not intending to play Eric Pedley, the Deadly (8), and I cannot think why, for he can shoot the eyelash off a mosquito; but they are playing Stewart Iglehart, who was another 1936 star turn, and they say they are going to play Michael Phipps (8), the No. 1 of the old Westbury team which won the American Open Championship of 1938, beating the strong Greentree side sixteen to seven. That Westbury team was like this: Mr. Michael Phipps (9), No. 1; Mr. Cecil Smith (10), No. 2; Mr. Stewart Iglehart (10), No. 3; and Mr. C. V. Whitney (5), back. That is only a thirty-four goal side, but possibly it may be taken as a foundation upon which they intend to build. We do not know precisely at the moment. All that I do know is that they will not have any five-goal handicap man in their side, and that the total goal weight will be just about thirty-nine, may be forty! But it is the names to which I think we should apply our attention.



THE V.W.H. POLO CLUB GYMKHANA AT CIRENCESTER

Colonel the Hon. Denis and Mrs. Bingham were two interested spectators at this very good show. One particular reason of interest was their eldest daughter, Rosemary (see above), on the white pony, with Miss Kitty Barling alongside. Colonel Bingham, who is Lord Clanmorris's eldest brother, commanded the 15/19th Hussars from 1923 to 1926, and was in the old 15th polo team of hallowed memory. More photographs of the event appear on another page

W. Dennis Moss



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WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS

June Weddings.

Mr. J. Ridley, the eldest son of the Hon. Jasper and Mrs. Ridley, is marrying Cressida, daughter of Sir Maurice and Lady Violet Bonham Carter. The wedding will take place on June 8. On June 10 Mr. S. Scrope and Miss C. M. Weld are being married at Chideock Manor Chapel at 11 a.m.

Recent Engagements.

Major C. H. Campbell 7th Gurkha Rifles, only son of the late Captain G. D. Campbell, I.A., and Mrs. Campbell, of County End, Chinnor Hill, Oxford, and Denys Beryl, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Hanmer, of Framfield Lodge, Uckfield, Sussex; Mr. J. Waterlow, son of Sir



Catharine Bell
MISS CICELY ROBINSON

The daughter of the late John Oakshott Robinson and Mrs. Robinson, of Bramley-croft, Hindhead, who is engaged to Lieutenant-Commander H. C. R. Alexander, H.M.S. *Royal Sovereign*, the eldest son of the late Lieutenant-Colonel C. H. Alexander (36th Jacobs Horse) and Donna Lyta Alexander

Sydney Waterlow, H.B.M. Minister at Athens, and of Lady Waterlow, and Angela, daughter of Mr. G. W. Gray and of the late Mrs. Gray, of The Manor House, Galhampton, Somerset; Captain R. Onslow, M.V.O., D.S.C., Royal Navy, eldest son of the late Rev. M. R. S. Onslow, R.N., and of Mrs. Onslow, of Fort Gate, Milverton, Somerset, and Betty, daughter of Brigadier-General R. A. Gillam, C.M.G., D.S.O., and Mrs. Gillam, of Weekhayes, Milverton, Somerset; Mr. M. P. Cheales, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Cheales, of Ingleborough, Friskney, Lincolnshire, and Marjorie, only daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. P. H. H. Preston, Kensington Mansions, S.W.5; Mr. J. Glanville, 52nd Light Infantry, youngest son of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Bernard Granville, D.S.O., of Chadley, Wellesbourne, Warwickshire, and Helen Briar,



MR. AND MRS. J. M. SWAN

After their recent marriage at St. John's, Malone. The bride was formerly Miss Gwendoline Robinson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Robinson, Terrace Hill, Shaw's Bridge, and Mr. Swan is the son of Mr. T. E. Swan, Glasslough, Co. Monaghan, and the late Mrs. Swan

youngest daughter of the late Sir Frank Rose, Bt., and Lady Rose, of Hardwick, Whitechurch, Oxon.; Mr. N. S. P. Whitefoord, M.C., Irish Guards, son of the late L. C. Whitefoord and Mrs.

Whitefoord, of Chesterfield Street, W.I., and Maria Viktoria, daughter of Hauptmann and Frau C. Vogt, of Berlin; Dr. H. G. Owen Smith, youngest son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Owen Smith, of Pretoria, and Margaretta Frances, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred Tetley Stephenson, Kingsthorpe Court, Wimbeldon; Mr. D. B. Fraser, F.R.C.S. only son of Dr. and Mrs. T. B. Fraser, of Hatfield Point, New Brunswick, Canada, and Betsy, younger daughter of Sir James and Lady Henderson, of Milan, Italy; Mr. E. Rocksborough Smith, elder son of the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Algoma and Mrs. Rocksborough Smith, of Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, and Iris Dorothea, younger daughter of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Lawrence Parke, J.P., D.L., and of Mrs. Parke, of Moreton Heath, Moreton, Dorset; Instructor Lieutenant A. J. Peters, Royal Navy, only son of the late Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Peters, and Ethel Cecilia, elder daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel P. F. Lauder, R.A.M.C., and Mrs. Lauder, of Grosvenor, Alma Road, Plymouth; Lieutenant-Colonel A. A. Crookshank, Royal Engineers (retired), son of the late Colonel A. C. W. Crookshank, C.B., Military Secretary to the Viceroy of India, etc., and Rosemary, younger daughter of the late Captain A. G. Hayman, The Welch Regiment, and Mrs. Hayman, Greenway Cottage, near Alton, Hampshire.



Pearl Freeman
MISS NAN MELLOR

Who is to be married on June 21 to Mr. Charles Fenwick, the elder son of the late Captain C. H. Fenwick, of The Lodge, Market Overton. Miss Mellor is the only daughter of the late Salusbury Mellor and Mrs. A. Westmacott, of Norcott, Bembridge



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12 H.P. RILEY SALOON £310

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£310

12 h.p. Riley Drop-head Touring Saloon
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Sprite Engines £25 extra.

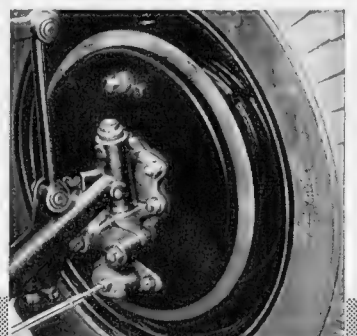
16 h.p. Riley Saloon
£385

16 h.p. Riley Drop-head Touring Saloon
£410

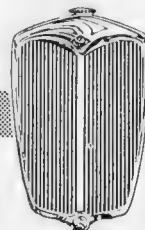
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CORGI PUPPIES

Property of Miss Hawkins

kennel. She had for some time a strong team of Skye Terriers, and specially favoured the drop-eared variety. She was a great assistance to the association in its early struggles for recognition by the Kennel Club and was one of its earliest chairmen. In that capacity she steered it successfully through a troublous period into the calm waters in which it has been ever since.

The Big Breeds' Show takes place at Olympia on Wednesday, May 10. This is always rather an attractive show. There is a quiet and dignity about the big breeds which is lacking in a show which contains the more excitable terriers. The Cairn Terrier Association has a show the same day at Tattersall's.

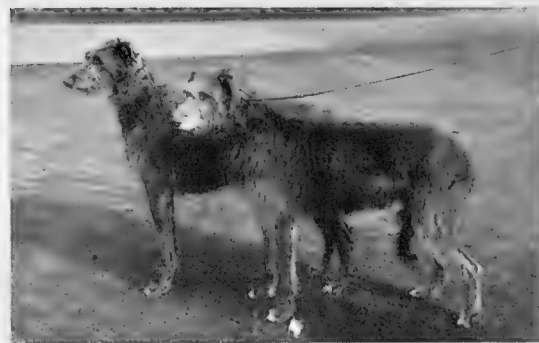
The Deerhound is a dog who has triumphed over circumstances in virtue of his character. When modern rifles revolutionized deer stalking his occupation was gone, and it seemed merely a question of time for him to disappear. Fortunately his great qualities as a companion were then discovered and, helped by some true friends, he has survived and is now becoming extremely popular. He makes a wholly satisfying companion; beautiful to look at, affectionate, intelligent and dignified, he is free from all treachery and of a most biddable disposition. Also, he can be shown by amateurs, as no trimming is required. Miss Hartley owns one of the foremost kennels of Deerhounds and has done well. The photograph is of Arsaig, 10½ years old, and his son

LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

Lady Aberdeen, who died recently, was one of the pioneers of the women's movement in all its branches. She was very keenly interested in our association from its beginning and was one of the first women to own and exhibit a large

Bracken, 2½ years. Both are home-bred and both are K.C. challenge certificate winners. Miss Hartley usually has some puppies and youngsters for sale.

The Corgi has come very speedily to the top, both as show dog and companion. There is



DEERHOUNDS

Property of Miss Hartley



CH. ASHTONMORE LOVESONG

Property of Mrs. Swan

something very attractive about him as he is unlike other dogs in appearance; in character he is intelligent and sufficiently sporting; he is a convenient size and has a nice short coat. All this helps towards popularity. Miss Hawkins has a successful kennel of Corgis, she wisely keeps it small so each dog has individual attention. She sends a photograph of some puppies, some of which are for sale. For the benefit of those who do not know Corgis I might say that all Corgi puppies have drop ears when born, they become "prick" later on. The puppies are well bred and reared on goat's milk, as Miss Hawkins breeds pedigree Anglo-Nubian goats and finds the milk excellent for pups.

The breed which is fast coming back to popularity is the charming King Charles's Spaniel. No breed has a more authentic or longer history in this country than the King Charles, the favourite of the Stuart kings, one of whose human attributes was a fondness for dogs. Why these little spaniels went out of favour is one of the things one does not know, except that at the end of last and the beginning of this century, foreign breeds rather ousted our native dogs. However, this over, the King Charles is coming into his own again. Mrs. Swan owns a well-known kennel of all three varieties. The photograph is of Ch. Ashtonmore Lovesong.

Letters to: Miss Bruce, Nuthooks, Cadnam, Southampton.



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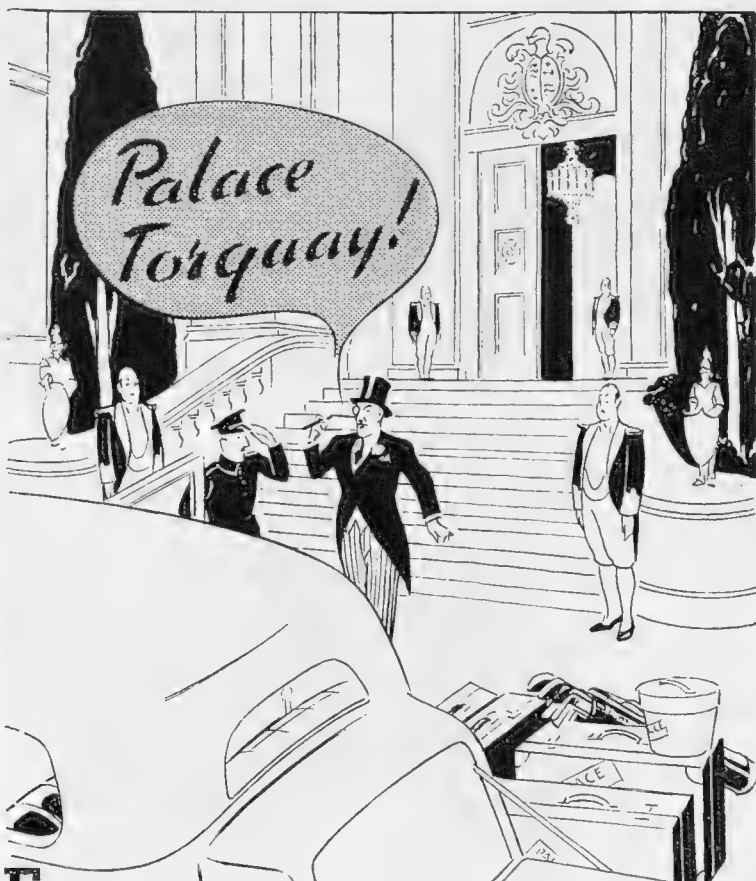
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THE HON. LADY FOX



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL M. H. LOGAN PLAYING A TWENTY-POUNDER



MISS PAMELA SAVORY

Though recent delugings were not generally popular, they went well with the fishing fraternity, water being lamentably low in many rivers. These photographs from the lordly Wye feature both salmon and trout rods. Miss Pamela Savory met the camera when trying for a trout in the Llanthomas Pool near Hay, and she also came into the picture while Lieutenant-Colonel M. H. Logan was busy with bigger game at Clyro. The ghillie watched passively, for the time was not yet nearly ripe for bringing a lively twenty-pounder to the gaff. Lieutenant-Colonel Logan, a very ardent angler, used to be in the Royal Engineers. The Hon. Lady Fox, who was hoping to connect with a salmon at Hay when photographed, is the only daughter of Lord and Lady Eltisley. Her husband, Sir Gifford Fox, has been Member for the Henley Division since 1932, and they live at Warborough, Oxon, when not in London



*Distinction
and
Difference*

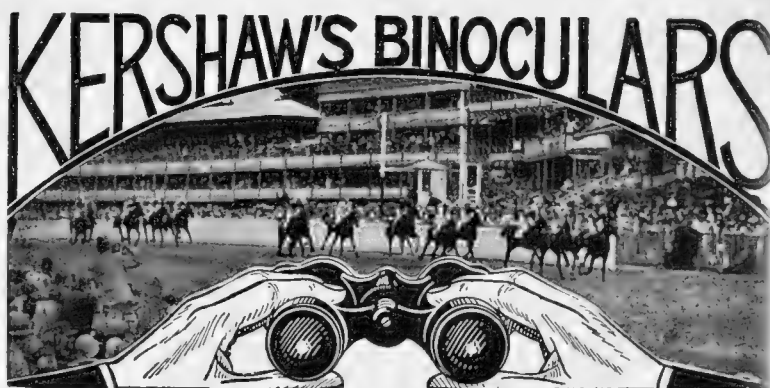
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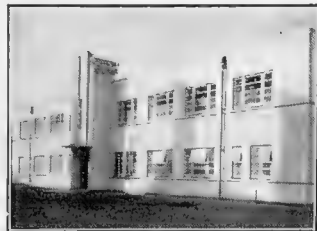
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THE DUCHESS OF KENT AT PLYMOUTH

Her Royal Highness paid a visit to Plymouth last week, where she was the guest of Admiral Sir Martin Dunbar-Nasmith at Admiralty House, the residence of the Commander-in-Chief. During her stay there H.R.H. attended a ball at the Guildhall and visited the naval establishments at Devonport. In the above group, which was taken at Admiralty House, are left to right—Lord Fortescue, Lord-Lieutenant of Devonshire, Lieutenant-Commander W. St. J. Ainslie, Lady Dunbar-Nasmith, wife of Commander-in-Chief, Captain the Hon. C. P. Hermon-Hodge, H.R.H. The Duchess of Kent, Paymaster Captain J. Dent, Admiral Sir Martin Dunbar-Nasmith, V.C., K.C.B., and Lady Brecknock

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"There's nothing you bought at all?"

"No."

"No presents?"

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"Nothing at all?"

"Nothing. Unless..."

"Yes, Sir — Unless?"

"Unless you include a head like a rag football and a taste in my mouth like smoke in a railway tunnel. Our Paris representative entertained me rather lavishly last night."

"There is no duty, Sir, on hangovers obtained abroad."

"I wish there was. I'd refuse to pay and then you'd have to confiscate it."

"I'm sorry we can't help you, Sir. But might I suggest in future the advantages of a long glass of Rose's Lime Juice to wind up late nights? Rose's possesses therapeutic properties which neutralise the — er — morning after."

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Golf—(Continued from page 248)

515 yards and the wind was dead against for the second shot. I should say that the average stroke played for the third to this hole on that day was a No. 5 or a No. 6. Harry got a nice par five; Head, with a heave and a grunt, hit a brassie that I still shouldn't believe if I hadn't seen it, arrived within a foot of the green and won the match with a four.

Even now I am inclined to think the most entertaining part of the match was Harry's description of Head choosing his club for a second shot. "Where you and I just pick out the brassie and hit it as near to the green as we can," he said, "this fellow waves away the wooden clubs with a lordly gesture, rattles about among the irons, and then takes out a seven or an eight."

Incidentally the championship was not without its lighter side. Well-known golfer X, for instance, thought it an amusing reflection upon the amateur standing of well-known golfer Y to sew about one hundred balls into his pyjamas. So Y went round to the fishmongers and sewed his purchase into the lining of X's coat. Next night found Y's bedroom in a state that need not be described. The vendetta will be continued, we presume, at Hoylake during the amateur championship. Who was it that said golf was a game for the very old and the very young?

ROUND ABOUT NOTES

Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1, urgently need help for a poor gentlewoman struggling desperately to live on 10/- a week. Although well educated, she has no qualifications and can only do job-cooking, a hard and precarious living for one who has known much better days. Please send £13 for this poor lady, and relieve her burden of living.



AT PHOENIX PARK RACES, *Poole, Dublin*
DUBLIN

Countess Taaffe and Captain Lauriston J. Arnott snapped between races. Countess Taaffe is the wife of Count Taaffe, whose ancestor held the Taaffe Viscounty, and Captain Arnott is the son and heir of Sir John Arnott, the Irish newspaper magnate

A performance of the "Pas de Quatre," the dance which set all London agog nearly a hundred years ago, is to be one of the outstanding features of the Grande Fête de Ballet which will be part of the entertainment at the First R.A.D. Ball, to be held at Grosvenor House, on June 8. The production is to be by Ninette de Valois.

The fête will include a pageant of all the greatest dancers from the time of Louis XIV to 1845, with the famous king as an entranced audience. We are to see the great d'Auberval, Gardel of the Fair Hair, impressions of Vestris, Allard and Guimard, Subligny, Salle, Pauline Duvernay, led by the first prima ballerina, Lafontaines. This great dancer and her sister artists are to be portrayed by Lady Rose Paget, Princess Tatania Wiasemsky, Miss Marjorie Dunbar and other débutantes. The part of Louis XIV will be played by Ogor Schwesoff. Madame Adeline Genée will also make an appearance after many years' retirement from the stage.

The D'Oyly Carte Opera Company, who left London on Christmas Eve last, for New York, will conclude another very successful American Tour on May 13, at Boston.

Mr. Rupert D'Oyly Carte has pleasure in announcing that on Whit-Monday, May 29, he has arranged to commence a seven weeks' repertory season at Sadler's Wells Theatre, opening with *The Mikado*.

The company will include all the artists who have appeared throughout the American Tour.

After the above season the company will have their usual summer vacation before starting a tour of the provincial cities on August 28.

An item of news which should prove of great interest to present and future members of the Public Schools' Club, is that they have recently opened a wing where members can entertain their women guests. The club has now moved to 100, Piccadilly, the site of the late Badminton. Extensive alterations have been carried out, and the club is thoroughly up to date in every respect with squash courts available for members and guests. Those who are interested should get in touch with the secretary, who will be only too glad to give further particulars.



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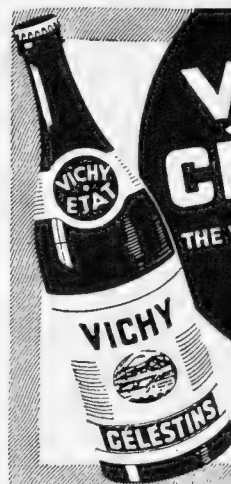
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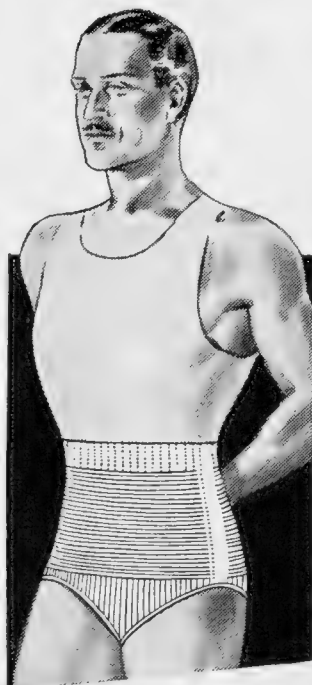
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TRYING THEIR HAND AT HOOP-LA: MISS JUNE CAPEL, LORD LONG AND MISS ANNE CAPEL



MR. PETER LAING WITH THE MARCHIONESS OF WILLINGDON

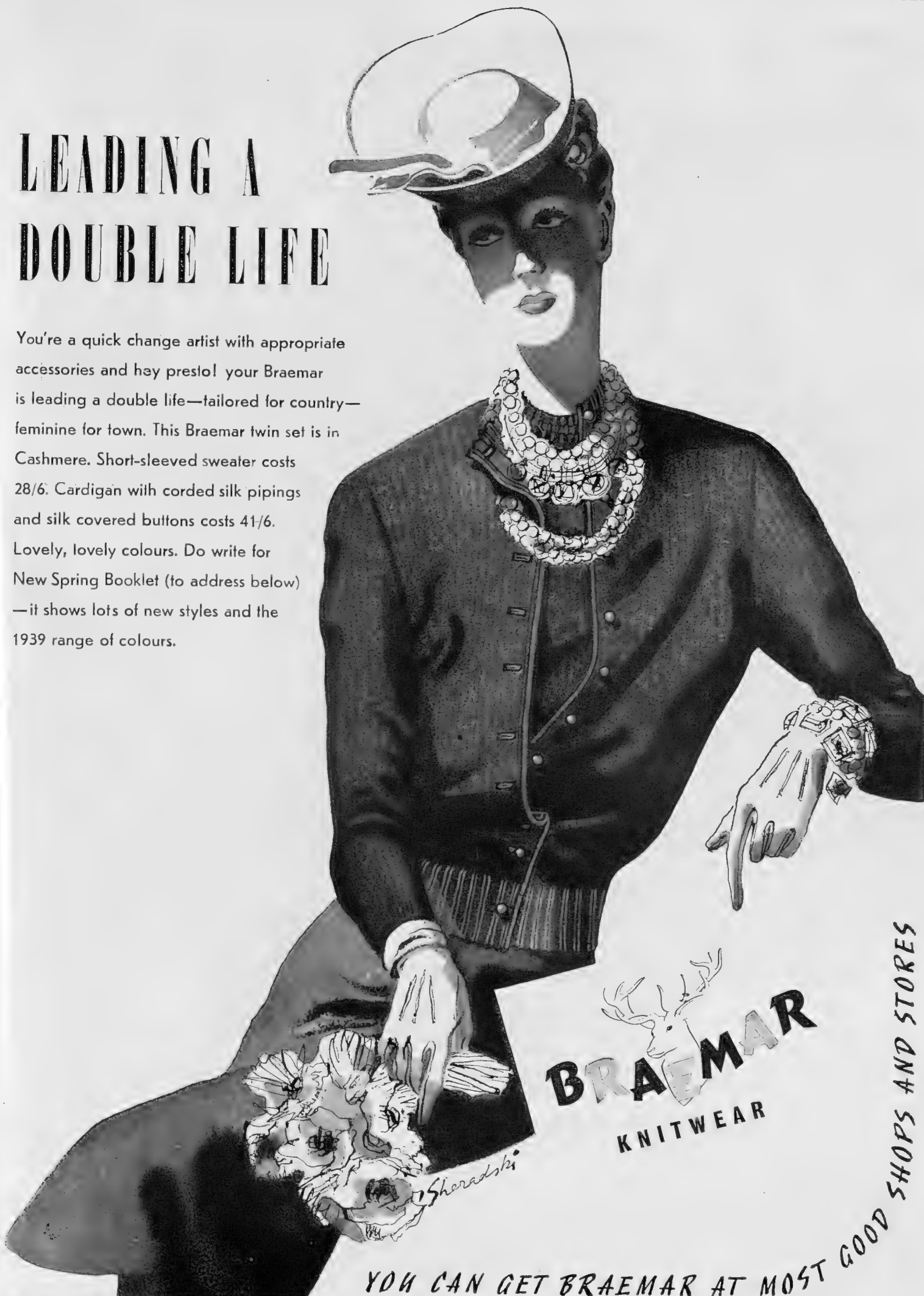
The Dorchester Hotel was the scene of a ball last week in aid of that most deserving cause, the Dockland Settlements, of which T.M. The King and Queen are patrons. The ball was attended by H.R.H. The Duke of Kent, who was received by Countess Paul Munster, chairman, whose guest H.R.H. had been at a dinner party before the ball. There was a large number of the *beau monde* present, and the above are just a few who were singled out for special attention by the "sniper." Lord Jersey had his lovely ex-film-star wife, Virginia Cherrill, with him, and they were among the many who applauded the inimitable Frances Day and that man with the unbelievable feet, Paul Draper. The Duke of Kent had Mrs. Colin Buist as a supper partner. Her husband, Lieutenant-Commander Buist has been extra equerry to H.M. The King since 1937. Sir John and Lady Milbanke were two of the guests at Countess Paul Munster's dinner party, as also was Lady Long, who is seen at the hoop-la booth watching Miss June Capel try her luck. Lady Willingdon, whose husband was one of the best Viceroy's India has had for a long time, had the Duke of Kent as a partner during the course of the evening



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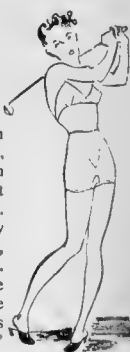
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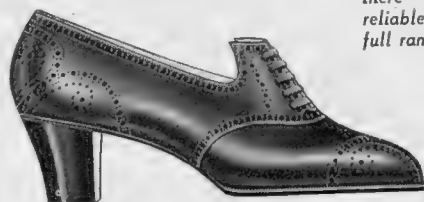
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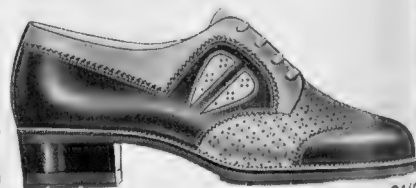
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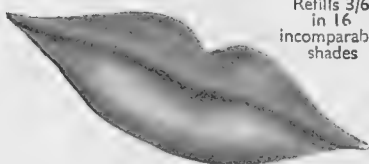
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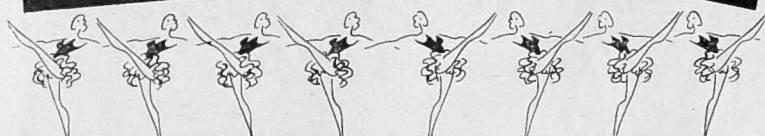
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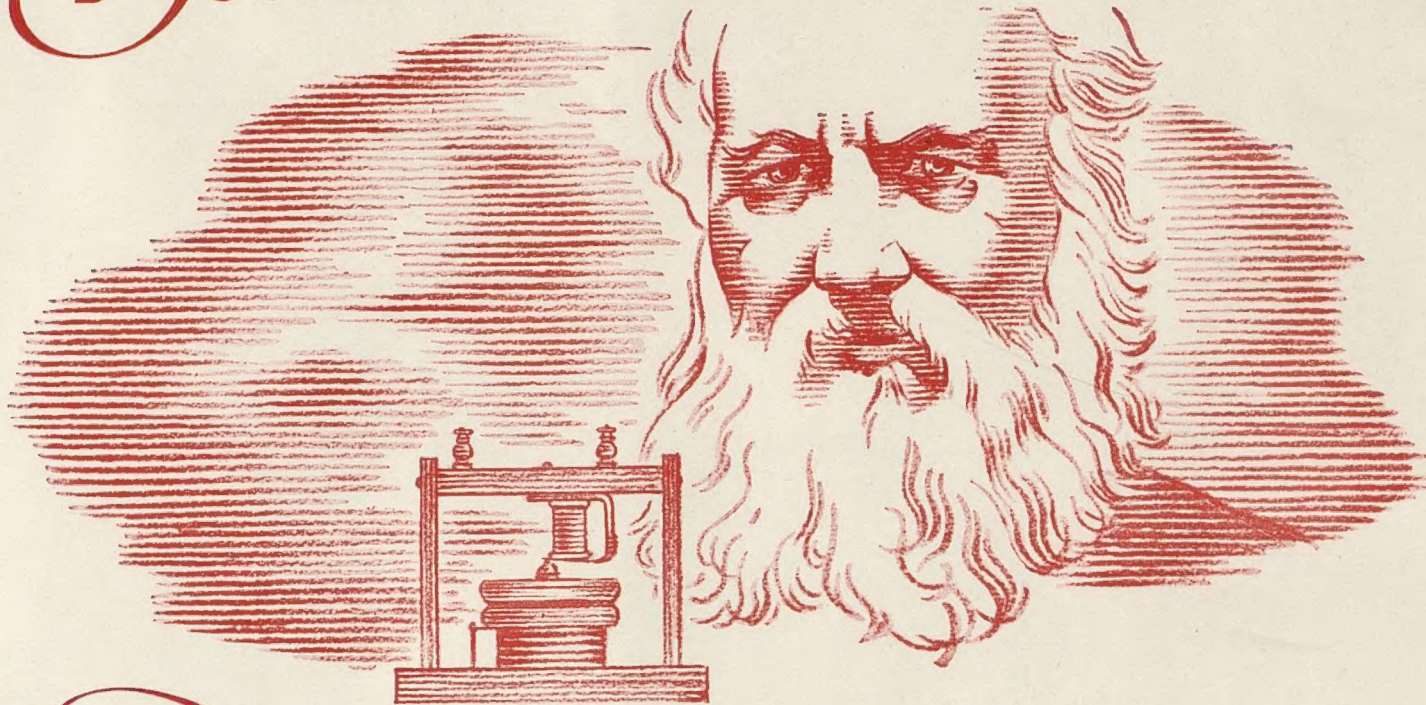
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